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Zion's Herald.

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

The Outlook.

The papers have been burdened with accounts of a terrible earthquake in Honduras, in which it was claimed that hundreds of lives had been lost and the whole country had been convulsed. A telegram from Tegucigalpa pronounces the report an entire fabrication, even the localities named being purely mythical.

In a letter to Mr. George Peel, secretary to the "Gold Standard Defense Association," Mr. Gladstone expressed his unmixed disapproval of bimetalism, which he regards as a passing humor capable of hardly outlasting the current stress in the business world. The bold stand of the city of London for the gold standard he highly commends. If he thought bimetalism possessed any permanent vitality, he would speak more earnestly against the specious deception.

The friends and agents of ex-Queen Liliuokalani have never ceased to intrigue in her favor either in the island or in this country. Mr. Job, our new consul, is reported to be satisfied of a widespread conspiracy in this country to effect the restoration of the Queen. The operators have their centre in Chicago, with accomplices and sympathizers in various other cities. It is claimed that recruits are to be gathered quietly on board two large ships and taken to the island. Other advices, without mention of these suspicions, report Hawaii on the eve of revolution.

The age of canalization began with the opening of the Suez waterway. Then came the failure at Panama and the talk about Nicaragua, of which more will be heard in Congress next winter. Meantime, the canalization fever has extended north. Chicago will never rest until a deep waterway is cut to the Mississippi, another one through to Lake Erie, with a cut south of Niagara Falls into Lake Ontario, and another from the vicinity of Watertown down the valley of the Mohawk to Albany, making a route for great steamers from New York to Chicago and thence, if need be, to New Orleans. The Cleveland convention, soon to assemble, will canvass this whole subject. The West demands a deep waterway to the ocean.

In spite of the ample and excellent educational provisions made by the city there are many children in Boston who cannot be induced to improve them. The skill and authority of the truant officers are applied in vain. The number committed for truancy reaches an annual average of nearly a hundred. The custom has been to send these to Deer Island; but the odium attached to the commitment to the island induced the city to build the "Parental School" in West Roxbury, where all educational delinquents can be taken and trained. The building is now completed and ready to receive the first class. There are some who take exception to the location and the style of the building; they seem to be a little late in making their protest.

At West Chester, Pa., the 118th anniversary of the Battle of Brandywine was recently celebrated by the dedication of a monument to General Lafayette. The monument stands near the spot where the French General was wounded on the day of battle. The view from this high point where the battle raged is very fine. To the north is Osborne's hill, on which Lord Howe and General Cornwallis overlooked the battle,

and beyond that stood the spires of West Chester. To the west is the valley of the Brandywine, and off in the blue distance are the Welsh mountains. The ceremonies of the day included a march of the military down the valley four miles away where a part of the engagement was fought. It is the route followed by the British army, September 11, 1777. Addresses were made by Gilbert Cope, the historian of the county, by Dr. G. M. Phillips of West Chester, and Charlton T. Lewis of New York.

The gypsy moth, so destructive to vegetation, hatches in our climate but one brood a year. Entomologists have suggested that in long seasons a second brood might be hatched. During the early warm days of this month the agents of the State Board of Agriculture found the eggs, in the forests of Woburn, in the process of hatching. The warm weather may not continue with us long enough to mature them; but it is suggested that farther south the people may be troubled with two broods of the little pests in a single season.

It has been often reported of late that insanity is on the increase. The American statistics seem to bear out the claim. The rush and hurry of modern society, the competition in business, the haste to be rich, and the race for pleasure, come in as a convenient explanation. The report of the Commissioners on Lunacy, just rendered, gives an increase, but an increase which is explained away by other facts. In 1889 the ratio of insane to the whole population was 471 to 1,000,000, and in 1894 it was 598 to 1,000,000. That is an increase of only 117 to 1,000,000—a very small percentage. But even this small gain may be accounted for largely in the fact that many persons partially insane, who were once cared for at home, are now taken to the asylum.

The postmaster of this city is moving, with the encouragement of the Postmaster General, to include the whole of "Greater Boston," within a radius of ten miles, in one postal district. This would greatly facilitate the handling of the mails and diminish the expense of the office. Every part of the distribution and collection would be operated from the central office; and this would be quite feasible with the postal-car system, which can reach out ten miles as well as one. In this way a dozen postmasters could be dispensed with. The Postmaster General waits for some expression from the people of the localities concerned. The new postal district would include the following towns: Saugus, Nahant, Lynn, Malden, Everett, Wakefield, Melrose, Medford, Winchester, Woburn, Stoneham, Lexington, Arlington, Waltham, Newton, Belmont, Milton, Hyde Park and Quincy. Its establishment would be one of the measures which would hasten the consolidation of the "Greater Boston" under one control.

In New York education is controlled by a State board. At the meeting of the board the other day, the financial committee reported in favor of asking for an appropriation of \$5,648,079—an advance over last year of \$685,656, or \$31 per capita. If this seems a large sum, we have to remember that New York is a large State, whose people are coming more and more to appreciate the importance of popular education. In the advanced civilization of our age the untaught man is at a disadvantage as never before. In the West the old type of civilization has disappeared; new industries, new methods of labor, the handling of delicate machinery, and wide and varied combinations in business and society, require a higher grade of popular intelligence. In a progressive State one of the largest items of expense is that for education. In the future this will be more true than it has been in the past. The best endowment of a child is a training fitting him for his position in society. This abides with him and remains a perpetual resource. The public

school has an importance never realized in the past; changed conditions demand its good offices. It is a hopeful sign that so many States are making advances in this direction.

Henry M. Stanley, on landing in New York, was quite free in the expression of his views on English matters. He spoke in high praise of England's conduct of the affairs of Egypt, and felt quite sure the Queen's officers would not soon leave. Under British direction Egypt is becoming another country—a wealth-producing centre.

Non. Henry O. Houghton's interest in the publishing firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is, by his will, to continue, and the proceeds are to be paid to his children. By the same instrument, he leaves \$10,000 each to his three daughters, Elizabeth H., Alberta M., and Justine V. Houghton, in trust, the earnings of which are to be given for all time to "the worthy poor" of Cambridge.

Docks are as necessary for ships as stables are for horses. The ship must be cleaned and refitted for service at sea, just as the horse must be groomed and the carriage washed and oiled. The big ship requires a big dock. The curious fact comes out now that we have no docks, either on the Atlantic or Pacific side, large enough to receive our new battle-ships. The "Indiana," it is thought, must be sent to the naval fortress at Halifax to be docked. On the Pacific side again we have no docks of sufficient capacity for such ocean greyhounds as the "St. Louis" and the "St. Paul," should they be sent there. The nearest adequate dock is in the British dominions at Puget Sound. The naval authorities, of course, know these facts, but our legislators have not seemed to take them sufficiently into account. It is folly to build ships we cannot house and care for in our own ports.

The Grand Army.

At Louisville, last week, the Grand Army of the Republic marched 50,000 strong. It was the first meeting of the organization in the old slave territory, but its welcome seems to have been nowhere else more cordial. It was indeed enthusiastic. This meeting marks the end of the reign of hate and the opening of the era of good feeling. Ex-rebel officers relieved the Union veterans in leading the columns, and Henry Watterson, the well-known journalist of the city, spoke burning words of greeting which were fully reciprocated by the Grand Army men. Mr. Watterson said it was the honest rally of the whole people—those who fought both on the Union and the Confederate side—around the old flag. "Let some sacreligious hand be raised to haul it down, and see," he said. The fearful accident by the explosion of a caisson, resulting in several deaths, served to deepen the tone of good feeling. Gen. Ivan N. Walker, of Indianapolis, was chosen the new commander-in-chief, and the vote takes the encampment next year to St. Paul, Minn. This last meeting is everywhere regarded as one of the most memorable in the long series.

Central American Union.

In breaking from the control of Spain the populations of Central America split into fragments instead of combining in one compact and strong government. The five republics of Nicaragua, Honduras, San Salvador, Guatemala and Costa Rica have made many attempts to unite, but there has always been some hindrance which caused further delay. But at length the first three of the republics named above seem to be on the eve of completing their compact and of coalescing into one strong nation. This union once effected, the other two, made up of less stable elements, will be pretty sure to enter at a later date, thus forming a single government, with territory extending from Mexico to the Isthmus of Panama. Under this arrangement American interests

in Nicaragua will be safeguarded. The principal difficulty in consummating this scheme of union will be found in the character of the population at large. The people are not intelligent; their type of religion and morals is low; they are swayed by passion and impulse; their idea of liberty is freedom from the restraints of law; but they have a few able and noble leaders, and, once in control of the whole territory, they may do for Central America what the republican leaders have done for Mexico.

The Uganda Railway.

The Uganda railway seems now to be assured. Lord Rosebery projected it and caused the preliminary survey to be made; and the new administration endorses it. Parliament, before it was prorogued, voted \$100,000 for preliminary expenses. Mr. Curzon announces that the government will press the work with all possible energy that it may be completed within three or four years. This first road to the interior of Africa will be a work of some magnitude. The line will extend from Mombasa, on the Indian Ocean, to the Victoria Nyanza, a distance of 650 miles. The estimated cost is \$5,775,000. The work has an important commercial and imperial bearing. The lands of interior Africa are elevated, fertile and salubrious. No section of the globe is more productive. When fully developed, interior Africa will produce enough to supply half the population of the earth. The new railway will essentially aid in the development by introducing new methods, industries and capital. The trade is considerable already. England pays \$185,000 annually for carriage to the lakes. The new road will reduce freights and thereby increase trade. The road is to be built by Indian labor under government supervision. The Uganda railway is but part of a larger scheme. The English have in hand another road, to be built from upper Egypt through the Mahdi's country to meet the former at Lake Victoria, thus completing an English highway through the interior of Africa. These enterprises cannot fail to give England control of that great trade centre and the means of consolidating her empire in the upper basins of the Nile. The re-shaping of the native masses will be effected under her hand, and the eastern half of Africa will become English in industry, laws and language.

Our Scotch Irishmen in America.

Immigrants from the north of Ireland have exerted a powerful influence on the fortunes of the English race in America. The controlling element in the population of the north of Ireland was from the lowlands of Scotland; and these lowland Scotch in turn were of that mighty Anglian stock which early dominated England and today controls the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon civilization of the world. The mountain region which extends through Pennsylvania, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee was settled by them. Their children were the backwoodsmen of the Revolution, men of stout heart and high purpose, who pushed back the Indians and French, won the West for the Republic, and gave to the nation some of its most remarkable men—such as Jackson, Calhoun, and Lincoln. The Baltimore Herald gives some curious facts in regard to one of these mountain families. William Simpson came from the north of Ireland about 1750, and settled in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. He died in extreme age in 1818. William Simpson had two sons and two daughters. His daughter Anne married John Davis. John Davis had a son Samuel, who was colonel of a Georgia regiment in the Revolution, and after the Revolution settled in Todd County, Ky. Soon after the birth of his son, Jefferson Davis, who became president of the Southern Confederacy, he removed to Mississippi. William Simpson had a son John, whose daughter Hannah married Jesse Root Grant and became the mother of Gen. Ulysses Simpson Grant. The feud in the Simpson family thus became that of the country, and the evil course of Davis was brought to a close by Grant at Appomattox.

SPEAK TO HIM.

Mrs. C. J. Munroe.

Awake, my soul! the early dawn is breaking!
Kneel to receive thy blessing and to pray.
Thou knowest not the trial that awaits thee;
Soul, canst thou bear it bravely through the day?

There is One standing even at the threshold;
He longs to share it with thee, all the way.
Jesus is passing by, —
Speak to Him!

It is high noon. The sands of life are burning.
Soul, thou art thirsty, and thy feet are sore
From weary travel through a thorny pathway.
Come thou apart; thou need'st not suffer more.
A Friend draws near bearing a brimming chal-
ice;

'Tis life eternal; drink forevermore!
Jesus is passing by, —
Speak to Him!

Life's fiercest storm sweeps o'er thy little day;
Thou hast no power to face the billows wild.
Hearken, my soul! Amid the surges' roar
A Voice is saying, "Fear thou not, my child!"

'Tis He who crossed the waves of Galilee,
Who walked life's sea, all calm and undisturbed.
'Tis Jesus passing by, —
Speak to Him!

'Twas light at eventide; the last pale rays
Have faded now from western sea and sky.
The storm is hushed and the dark waves are still.
Lift up thine eyes! The Saviour cometh nigh
To cheer the midnight gloom. See, in His face
Shineth the dawn of thine eternity!

Jesus is passing by, —
Speak to Him!

IMPRESSIONS OF PERU.

S. Irving.

PERU, like the "Gallia Omnis" of our school days, may be divided into three parts. Geographically, it naturally falls into three divisions — the barren coast region, the magnificent mountains with their lofty plateaus, and the fertile slopes of the Eastern Andes. At this time I wish to give to New England readers an idea of the Peruvian people; and even here we may still use a division into three classes. Although one sees nearly every shade of complexion, from very white to very black, three types will fairly represent the people of Peru. These are the Aristocrat, the "Cholo," and the Indian.

Let us glance for a moment at the life and faith of each; and, first,

The Aristocrat.

the high-class Peruvian. He it is who really controls the country — its great interests, its society, its wealth and education. Let us visit him. He is probably of pure or nearly pure Spanish descent. He may have a profession, but he will nearly always have some fortune besides. He has been educated abroad, or at least in the best schools of Peru, and in addition to his own language understands some French and possibly English. His wife will have beauty, or a reputation for having been a beauty in her youth. There will probably be several children, for large families are still the rule in Peru. The house is large and elegantly furnished. The parlors, even of people of moderate means, are very spacious compared to those of New England homes, since in this climate artificial heat is seldom desirable and never used. The host and hostess will be ceremoniously polite; possibly to a new arrival from a colder clime they may seem excessively so. They inquire after your health, for each member of your family in particular, and urge refreshments and rest. If we are invited to dinner, a tiny glass of some drink will be passed before we leave the parlor, and if the dinner is at all formal, at least six or eight courses will be served and three or four varieties of wine. In Peru the drink-habit is universal; but if teetotalism is almost unknown, it is simple justice to say that among the class of whom I am writing, drunkenness is equally rare. In these homes are always music and dancing. The Peruvians are natural musicians and sing, play, and dance from childhood up. Almost every one plays or sings, and so far as I know, every one dances; but while there are music teachers, dancing teachers are in most places unknown. Children learn from their elder brothers and sisters or friends in the company of their parents.

In Peru a young, unmarried lady is treated with great strictness. She never appears in public unattended, never receives a young gentleman caller except in the presence of her mother or some other elderly lady, and even when engaged to be married cannot see her betrothed alone. For a young lady to go out walking or riding, attended only by some young gentleman not her immediate relative, would be considered scandalous. This may

be well considered an unnecessary severity; but if the Peruvians err in the direction of too great strictness, it is certainly less harmful than the foolish license often granted to half-grown boys and girls in some New England towns.

Although Catholics, the men of this class are not in general at all fanatical nor especially active in church work or attendance. The women are, however, almost without exception, very devoted to their church and its duties. As a rule they devote much more time to religion than Protestants, but do not confine their religious activities to one day in the week. Usually they attend some service for an hour every morning, especially on feast days, but they do not think it necessary to give Sunday entirely to worship. After the religious exercises of the morning, the afternoon is often spent in social reunions, music and dancing. This, which from a New England religious standpoint would be so wicked, in Peru carries no thought of wrong.

Passing from the high-class Peruvians, who, though few in numbers, not without some justice consider themselves the Peruvian people, we come to

The "Cholo."

No English word exactly expresses him. Between him and the Aristocrat there is a great gulf fixed. The one is a servant, the other master. The Cholo can sometimes read a little, but in few cases is it of great advantage to him, as he seldom gets anything to read. His home, unless he lives as a servant in some family, consists of one room, in which live the whole family. There is often neither bed nor chair properly so-called. They sit, lie and sleep on the earth floor. The room has no window, and the smoke from the open fire, as the woman cooks, finds its way out as best it may through the thatched roof or open door. These people seldom change their clothing, seldom bathe, and seldom sweep their huts, which beside the ordinary dirt of a dirty household contain that of sundry pigs, dogs and fowls. There is no life comparable to it in the United States except that of the poorest Negroes and Indians. It must not be supposed, however, that they are in want. They seldom suffer. There is plenty of cheap food. Their drink is "chicha," a very mild malt beer, so weak that it can hardly be called intoxicating. They work when they cannot avoid it, and work very well. Men in the more populous regions receive the equivalent of from 30 to 50 cents a day. Women work in the fields, and, in their present state of society, this is no hardship, since their household duties are close to nothing. They are generally contented, wanting nothing, for their wants are too few. They are intense Catholics and fanatical since ignorant. They will fight to the death without a thought of danger, if they believe that their religion is assailed. Their greatest care in life is a little food and drink with not too much work, and in death a resting-place in a consecrated spot. They have the greatest horror of an irreligious burial, and will sell the last article they possess rather than that some ceremonial should be omitted by an exacting priesthood. The priest will not provide burial in a consecrated spot until all the fees are paid, and parents even bind out to service, in a semi-slavery, one child in order to raise money to properly bury another. They doubtless believe that all Protestants will finally suffer hell-fire for their lack of belief — an opinion, however, no more crude than a similar one held in regard to Catholics by ignorant Protestants, whose number, we are happy to believe, is growing less.

This class celebrates numerous feasts, chiefly by the burning of candles and especially by fireworks, which are often of considerable magnificence. In this I fear they have one thought for the saints and two for themselves. Processions are numerous and, as elsewhere, furnish an opportunity for display, while at the same time accounts are straightened out with heaven. Each locality has its patron saint who has certain festal days. A proper observance of these days secures prosperity during the year.

This class furnishes servants for the Aristocracy. Owing to indolence and lack of training and modern conveniences, many servants are necessary. A small household will have three or four, and families of wealth a dozen or more.

Between the two classes mentioned, are many persons who are not Cholos and not exactly gentry — a considerable number who aspire to the refinements of life and society, but whose blood is mingled Spanish and Indian or Negro. There have been learned and distinguished Peruvians who boasted of Inca ancestry. A trace of Indian

blood may perhaps be pardoned, but here, as in the United States, from a social standpoint, a trace of Negro blood is unpardonable. However, here, as elsewhere, education, time and money go far to veil a shady ancestry.

The third class is

The Indian.

the pure-blooded descendants of the races who inhabited the country when it was conquered by the Spaniards. They are inoffensive and timid, ignorant and superstitious, dirty and industrious. They are very poor, in many cases little better than slaves. They never become soldiers except under absolute compulsion; are very suspicious as a result of centuries of oppression, but endure abuse and hardship almost without limit. Driven to desperation they may become very cruel when opportunity offers itself. They walk tremendous distances, driving their flocks of llamas — men, women and children. They gain very little and squander much of that little on rum. It must be confessed that in Peru, where drinking is almost universal, drunkenness is extremely rare in the upper educated class, is a source of considerable evil with the Cholo class, and is a terrible curse to the Indian.

In common with other Spanish-American countries, Peru has been cursed with repeated revolutions, and bids fair to suffer still for many years to come. The soldiers are drawn from the Cholo class. The Aristocrat is too proud, and the Indian too timid, to join the army. Sometimes gentlemen enter the army as officers, but even this is rare with men who regard themselves as members of the best families. They do not generally hesitate, however, to join in revolutionary movements. Officers of the army, though with a few exceptions not from the best families, often come to the front as leaders of the army and to the Presidency.

Professions, Priests, Customs.

The only professions, excluding politics, which are considered desirable for young men of good standing are law and medicine. The army and the priesthood are looked down upon. Bright young men of the better class almost never enter the priesthood. With many notable and honorable exceptions, the priests are an ignorant and immoral lot. This is especially true of the interior, away from cities. To call a man a priest is rightly deemed an insult. They are dissolute and worthless, a curse to the people among whom they live. They have no sense of responsibility, and often lead lives which put the blush to the ordinary native. The confessional with them is more a means of vice than of grace. This condition of things is not found near the coast, where bishops overlook the field, though there is room for improvement even there. This state of immorality results chiefly, I believe, from the class of men from which the priests are drawn, together with the freedom from all sense of responsibility.

Many customs seem strange to a foreigner. The names given to children are peculiar. "John of God" is a common name. The name Jesus is freely given to boys and girls alike. Our family dressmaker was called Jesus Mary, and to a New Englander it never ceased to sound strangely to give orders to Jesus Mary. As in French and Italian, so in Spanish, the names of God, Jesus and Mary are freely used in conversation, but without any thought of irreverence; and it must be confessed that in the soft Castilian tongue these words do not sound as in English.

The church aims to supply for the common people all the amusement and relaxation they need. Processions of saints and people are of weekly occurrence. From the faith of the high-class Peruvian, whose conception of religion is much the same as that of all enlightened people, to that of the ignorant Indian, is a vast range, and filled in with all sorts of crude beliefs and superstitions, masquerading under the form of the Catholic Church.

Probably the Indian, neither in his daily life nor in real conception of religion, is so well off now as when he worshiped the sun under the Incas. What he needs today is a little more intelligence and an opportunity for something above a merely animal existence. In his present condition, religion worthy the name is impossible.

In spite of its frequent revolutions, Peru is not a dangerous country in which to live. It is much safer than many parts of the States. Highway robbery and house-breaking are almost unknown, though among the lower classes petty thieving is very common. Among the best class, one meets not only refined people accustomed to rule and luxury, but real friends as well. As elsewhere in the world, one needs occasionally to avoid ignorant and pretentious vanity.

The rush and push of the States are wanting. Why hurry? No winter is coming to

compel forethought and labor; all the year through, the fields and trees are green. The restless life of the Great Republic is unknown or despised; and even the foreigner, after a few years of this lethargic life, learns to wonder whether, after all, eternal hurry and bustle make life more desirable.

Peru, July, 1895.

AT A NEGRO MEETING.

Rev. David James Burrill, D. D.

As we entered the room — a dingy, unplastered, sparsely furnished Odd Fellows Hall — the congregation were singing the second hymn, "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing," with a refrain,

"The fountain of blood is flowing,

O sinner, come bathe your weary soul!"

The music lagged. "You're singin', folks, as it was hard goin' up. Is de mountain steep? Is de road rough? De Lord's here, holdin' out His han'. Sing, folks, all sing, while you're climbin' up Zion's hill!" And they did sing, making a joyful noise unto the Lord.

"The fountain of blood is flowing,

O sinner, come bathe your weary soul!"

The preacher — a well-built African with large eyes and mouth capable of vast expression — announced as his text John 1: 17 — "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

"I can't jus' say how long I'll preach," he began. "It may be long or it may be short, but dere's one thing sho', when I'm thro' you'll all know it. An' I doan' 'spect to satisfy everybody, no'n deedy I doan'. De preacher what 'pects to please everybody, he ain't a-goin' to get round befo' de trumpet blows. An' if you's don't like de sermon de evenin' you can be 'cusod, deedy you can; but I've got to go right on a preachin'."

The sermon which followed was crude, incoherent, showing at every point the preacher's lack of schooling, but it was full to overflowing of the Gospel of godliness and it gave Christ the pre-eminence in all things. In explaining the difference between law and grace the preacher said: "De law begins with 'thou.' 'Thou shalt have no oder gods befo' me,' but grace begins with 'God.' 'God so lubed de world dat He gave His only begotten Son.' And again: 'De law makes a difference and puts up de walls ob separation; but grace opens all de gates to all kin's ob people, de high and de low, de white folks an' de culled folks, de sorrowin' sinner an' de pore Republican. It ain't no use fo' de rich man to climb up high like Zacharias when he clumb up de tree, fo' grace jes' looks up and calls, 'Zacharias, come down' — an' he got to come down.'"

Then followed an earnest exhortation to all, white folks included, to accept God's grace and be washed in the blood.

"It's all Jesus," said the preacher in closing, "deedy it's all Jesus, first, las' an' all de time. If you hol' fas' to Jesus you's safe; an' ef you let's go you's los' shore, los' forever an' ever." And, still dwelling on the importance of holding fast and believing and trusting, the preacher — eyes uplifted, his voice high and shrill, his whole body in motion and giving emphasis to his words — on a sudden broke into singing, the congregation rising to their feet and swaying with the words: —

Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side!"

It was impossible to resist the influence. The dark faces, the poetry of physical motion, the musical circumflex and demi-semiquaver, and the evident heartiness of the service dispelled the least suggestion of laughter; nay, there were tears upon our eyelashes while we joined in: —

"May Thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee."

During the progress of the sermon the responses were many and various, and they grew in intensity as the preacher waxed warm. Amens and hallelujahs and bress-de-lawds came thick and fast. Old men in the congregation leaned far forward to catch the fervid truth. One aged sister, black as a dark night and wrinkled deep with care, rocked to and fro, saying quietly over and over, "Yes — yes, deah Jesus." In front, to the speaker's right, sat a colored boatman, who all the week had rowed our boat and baited our hooks and entertained us with tales of "de ole slavey times." At frequent intervals during the service — particularly when reference was made to our Lord's suffering, or to Sinai or the judgment day — we could hear him ejaculating in a deep voice, "My God, how true dat is! How true, how true dat is!"

The place seemed full of repressed excitement, an ardor that might at any moment burst into a blaze. There was a rude accompaniment, metrical, rising and falling with the speaker's earnestness, made by shoes pattering on the wooden floor. The preaching was not such as would please the men of Athens, but it was tender and faithful and fragrant of the Rose of Sharon.

Then came the collection. "We's gwine to build a new church fo' de culled folks hyar," said the preacher, "an' we done ordered some ob de bricks s'ready; but we's got to hab ten dollars to get dem bricks cyarted from de depo'. We's been trustin' in de Lawd, but now we's in a tight, deedy we is, in a bad tight; an' we wants all de white folks an' all de culled folks to help." The men and women came forward, moved by the singing of quaint and inspiring hymns, to lay their offerings upon the table. Some brought dimes, some brought pennies, but all gave. And they seemed to be giving, like the Lord's great giver, "out of their penury." The ten dollars were raised. The first to go forward with an offering was the wrinkled old sister who had been singing, "Yes, deah Jesus." — Christian Intelligence.

CHURCH DEBTS.

Rev. E. C. Bass, D. D.

A CHURCH debt is seldom a blessing; in most cases it is a burden, if not a curse. The necessary effort to keep out of the sheriff's hands and to retain credit at the bank is not only wearisome, but most wasteful of spiritual energy. The Lord had the Tabernacle and the Temple built and dedicated without debt, and without appeals for money at the dedication. He evidently meant that all places of His worship should be free from debt.

Yet churches do get into debt, sometimes almost unavoidably, but oftener through stinginess, or extravagance, or "in strife and vain-glory." Building committees sometimes prove incompetent, architects sometimes mislead churches into debt, and sometimes a pastor is the one at fault. Now and then a Methodist pastor has become dictatorial and said to the quarterly conference: "You must build or repair or I shall leave." When it comes to that the pastor is probably needed more somewhere else. Many a conference is paying more interest money than missionary money. One district in one conference in New England is paying over \$5,000 a year in interest.

While the Lord welcomes no such blemish as a mortgage on any house of worship, if a church does get into debt it is usually left to carry its burden for a season. It will get weary, and may cry and groan. It has a lesson to learn. But a time to pay a church debt is as sure as sunrise—if the Lord wants the church to live. He makes a way and time of escape for churches as well as for individuals, and when the day of deliverance is at hand, it is impressed upon some hearts that the work is to be undertaken. The Lord's time and the Lord's way to pay church debts are always the best.

The call to arise and pay may be of God, though it seem impossible. All the work of the Lord requires some faith; and any work that the Lord requires can be done. If the enterprise be of God, it is not at all needful for us to see at the outset where all of the money is to be found. The silver and the gold are His, and He can bring it to the hands of His servants; He will if they only do His will.

There are many and various arts and devices for paying church debts. Fairs, socials, suppers, shows, appeals (by mail) for just a quarter or a dime—almost anything, not always excepting lotteries. There is probably no perfect plan of church financing. Even the best plan would work imperfectly. But "any plan works well if it is well worked." Paying a church debt means money every time—and dollar for dollar. The direct method is the simplest, cheapest, safest, and most Christian. The devil's help is never difficult to get, but even when he engages to work for nothing, he never fails to rob the church. Most indirect methods of money-getting for the church cost from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of the total receipts; and these methods and schemes almost invariably damage, if they do not destroy, the moral standing and spiritual power of the church that resorts to them. And no matter how innocent and easy and successful some indirect method of paying a debt may be, it is probably better that the debt be paid not too easily. Should two or three rich and benevolent people quietly pay off the whole debt, the generous deed might be a doubtful benefit. Better a dollar from every one in a hundred than a hundred dollars from one. Every dollar, rightly given, carries with it the heart of the giver.

The paying of a church debt should be a means of grace. The church may about as well remain in debt unless its deliverance shall lead on to more and better work. When a debt-burdened church undertakes to be free for the purpose of more efficient work in saving the people, and the cry for deliverance goes up from home altars and from places of secret devotion, and the pulpit pleads, and the people in prayer-rooms say amen—then a due spirit of giving comes upon the church and the victory is sure. In such a case no indirect methods are needed, and no public appeal will be necessary in addition to a fair statement of the situation. If anything needs to be "done decently and in order," it is money-getting for the Lord's work. Any giving which is not done religiously has no moral or spiritual uplift in it, and is not the Lord's kind of giving.

The resources of the Almighty are ample for the payment of all church debts. He can find all the money His people need; and He will, if they only obey and trust. Who

ever undertakes to pay a church debt need make no noise or "flourish of trumpets." Noise is not power. He is warranted in saying, "If the Lord be with me, I shall succeed," and his heart should say, "If the Lord is not in this effort, I do not want to succeed."

It is never very wise to say to any man, "You ought to give." Neither is it wise to play one man off against another, challenging one to give according to another's giving. Let every man be the judge of his own duty. Many people have ways for money that they say nothing about; they have duties that do not appear to the public.

If some people decline to give—and some will—others not thought of at first will be found to give. Quite unexpected money will be received here and there. The Lord not only tries the faith of His workmen, but He also surprises their faith. No bogus subscriptions should be taken. It is not honest to subscribe with no intention to pay. And it is downright wickedness to urge a man to subscribe more than his means will allow, just for the influence of his name. No shadow of lying is right in church financing.

Church debts and various other financial ailments will doubtless afflict the church until the professed people of God shall honor their stewardship. The remedy and the preventive will be found in systematic and conscientious giving. There is money enough, and enough of it within reach. There are probably a million—perhaps several millions—of professedly Christian men and women who ought at once to stop adding dollar to dollar, but should keep right on in honest money-making and give every additional dollar to causes that lessen suffering, increase knowledge, and make for character. And many more millions should be thus devoting three-fourths, or one-half, or one-quarter of their gains. And other millions should be counting a tenth, a twentieth, a fiftieth, as the Lord's own. Then the occupation of solicitors, church beggars, and professional church dedicators and church debt-raisers would be gone forever. Only receivers, treasurers and disbursing committees would be needed. The manna in old time never came more surely, more regularly, more abundantly, than the needed gold and silver would come now if the people of God were "honoring the Lord with their substance." There is a partnership whose resources are infinite—whose power can never go to protest—and the Head of the firm would have no penny of His possessions go for interest on church debts.

Newport, R. I.

THE FIRST "MILESTONE."

Rev. T. H. B. Anderson, D. D.

ONE year ago, March 20, 1894, in the basement of the Centenary Church, San Francisco, Cal., we attended a service conducted by Rev. B. Carradine, D. D., which changed the current of life, or, in other words, accelerated its flow. The words of that hour had a strange influence on us. It made friends our enemies; enemies our friends. The former believed that we had struck the church a hard blow; the latter that we had done right, and henceforth they would be our friends.

Now that we have passed the first "milestone," been out in the experience one year, we will be pardoned for saying that no twelve months ever passed, in our fifty-three years on earth, that had so much of peace, of quietness, of assurance.

We feel that we have no enemies; our hearts burn with an intenseness of love unknown prior to March 20, 1894. God is giving back our old friends—giving them to us as we did not have them before. Two letters on the table from brethren who believed that we had gone wrong, that, as a result of our surrender, we had injured the church, and more seriously ourself, assure us of a return into their hearts of more than the old-time love. We speak of these; many of the same import have reached us. Heart-burnings, the result of too hasty speech or action on our part, in most instances, have passed entirely out; so this good day we are free. We love God; we love our brethren.

We are living in our heart instead of our head. We have dropped about two feet, have furnished rooms there, and propose to entertain all, whether from the North or South, the East or the West. We are not, nor have we been for a year, in the interest of any one section, but a debtor to white and black, male and female. We have felt that Jesus Christ was the Universal Man; that He put into His followers everywhere His own life—"changed them into His own image from glory to glory, as by the Lord, the Spirit."

We have enjoyed preaching the Word this year. We have realized, as we proclaimed the message of salvation, that the words of Jesus were spirit and life; that the Holy Spirit dwelt in, fertilized and enriched them. Preaching has a new significance and relish; there is no whipping oneself to the task. The great task-

master goes with us, and it is sweet to talk for Him. We do imperfect work, but "He knows our frame; He remembers that we are dust." Our infirmities are great, but "the Spirit helpeth our infirmities."

We have gone into the prayer and class-meeting this year hungry and thirsty. We have not enjoyed at any time as now "the communion of saints." In our class, we have many who do not enjoy the blessing of perfect love; we are delighted, edified, comforted, when they speak. As Mr. Wesley taught there was growth before and after the obtaining of the blessing of sanctification, "so we rejoice and will rejoice." When any one speaks of entire consecration, our heart responds. Bigotry, narrowness and censoriousness were burnt out of our life March 20, 1894!

When the "weakest saint" is on his knees, he seems to bear us, as did the high priest the twelve stones in the breastplate, into the presence of God. We go up on the wings of other people's prayers, and sun ourselves in the "light of His countenance." Other people are helping us more than we are helping them. Every child of God seems to be a rock out of which flow "rivers of living water." We drink at these fountains.

We have become more sensitive to the touch of spiritual forces; to impressions upon the mind and heart. We believe that the mind is the window of the soul; that "the renewing of the mind," when we present our bodies "living sacrifices," means to us what the washing of the window does to people who want perfect light. The light comes in unobstructed, enabling them to see both the within and the without. When the "understanding is darkened" we can see neither, but when cleared—renewed—both. This year the solidarity of Christian faith and hope has become a conscious reality. Through the mind impressions have come like sunbeams; we have lived in touch with other souls. They have been removed, in many instances, far from us; but at the throne of grace we touched them and felt their life. This has been a glorious year in holding communion with saints, not only in our church, but over all Christendom. We have felt in line and sympathy with the mighty purpose of Jesus Christ to redeem the world. We have rejoiced over victories gained by the militant, struggling church everywhere.

Our temptations have been great; indeed, some of the sorest have come since March 20, 1894, but we have been "kept from falling." Jesus' victory, in the wilderness, on the pinnacle of the temple and the mountain-top, has been our victory; His standing our standing. "We feel like going on;" "none of these things move us." We enter upon the second year, conscious that there are great imperfections, even weaknesses, which will require watchfulness and prayerfulness to overcome. We would give up the struggle if our strength were all, but the Christ we worship is mighty to save. The prayers of the people of God are sought that we may increase more and more in love. One year in the heavenlies; the sweetest of life, but how imperfect! Blessed Lord! walk with us this year that we may do a little for Thee! Should our work end, let down hands to lift us into the "light ineffable."

"Further on! Oh, how much further? Count the milestones, one by one. No! no counting, only trusting, It is better farther on."

—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

THE STILL HOUR.

Appropriate Truth.

There are some ministers who evidently think that preaching the truth is all that is required of them. This is a mistaken view of their duty. There is much truth that one may preach and yet the results will be very meagre. Not a soul will be saved by it. The reason is plain: It is not appropriate truth. The successful physician does not give the same kind of medicine for all sorts of diseases; he employs specific medicines for certain troubles. All of his medicines may be good, but not all are alike adapted to the same type of malady. So all Bible truth, all gospel truth, is good, but some of it is far better adapted to awakening and saving sinners than another type of it is. There are passages of

Scripture which are solely adapted to instruct Christians in certain duties; others are designed to comfort, to cheer and to strengthen. We should learn to discriminate and to adapt.

A Common Hindrance.

A discerning writer says: "What hinders us most from recognizing the good in others is that we do not see the evil in ourselves." There is a volume of meaning in these words. If we were deeply, humbly conscious, day by day, of the evil which lurks and nestles in our own hearts, we would be much more apt to pass charitable judgment on the failings of others and at the same time take note of their good qualities. But, blind to our own defects, we scan the evil in other hearts, magnify it, and make small account of their virtues. This is not fair treatment of ourselves nor of others. A great deal more of self-honesty would be helpful to us.

Disappointing Efforts.

The more ambitious one is to attain to high excellence in some noble sphere of labor, the more likely he is to be disappointed in his efforts. He sets out with an exalted ideal in his mind, bends every energy to reach it, and then, when he has completed his task, it seems so far below his ideal that he is both disappointed and discouraged. He is almost ashamed of his performance. He regards it as well-nigh a failure. Indeed, he has failed to at least satisfy his aspirations. This, however, is a good sign. The man who is satisfied with the quality of his work will never make great progress.

Living on Leavings.

An acute thinker, now dead, dryly said: "There are people who live only on what others leave them over of life." He probably had in mind those limp-back, non-productive, non-progressive people, to whom any new thought, any innovation, is distressing. They do no thinking for themselves, except to think that they who differ from them are fools. Even then the phrases they use in condemnation of others are the leavings of a former generation of destructive objectors. These people are never creators. They have not enough energy to create anything—certainly, not anything which marks substantial progress in methods of personal culture and social welfare. Too many Christians are living on the leavings of other Christians. They pick up the notes of experience which the others let fall and repeat them by rote. It is miserably poor living.

Got Their Request.

The Psalmist says: "He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul." These words refer to God and the Israelites. They got their request granted, but—this "but" has an unfortunate significance. They prayed; their prayer was answered, but the answer hurt them. It brought poverty of soul. God has sometimes answered prayers when He knew that the answers would be an injury to the praying ones. He has done so because He wanted to teach them, as they could be taught in no other way, the folly of having all their wishes and requests granted. Besides, He would use their example and experience to show us His mercy in withholding from us some of the things which we ask Him for. In the lesson before us we are reminded that it is always best to pray in harmony with God's knowledge of what is evermore for our good.

Sword of the Spirit.

The Word of God, the Bible, is called the Holy Spirit's sword. The Bible is something besides this, but it is certainly this. What a literal sword is to a soldier, God's Word is to the Spirit. The sword is the symbol of war, of conquest, of authority, of power. In the hands of the Holy Spirit God's Word pierces men's hearts; it cuts deep; it makes large wounds; it causes sharp pain; it makes fierce war on men's sins; it cuts off the heads of spiritual enemies. If the Word preached by any minister does not make sharp, deep cuts in the hearts of the hearers, then it is evident that the Spirit is not in the preacher handling and directing the Word. The mischief with some preachers is, they take this sword out of the hands of the Spirit. Hence failure, defeat, loss. We must not attempt to take the place of the Spirit, nor should we get between Him and His sword; but, co-operating with both, there is victory.

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THE MASSACRE AT HWA SANG.

Rev. George B. Smyth.

THE story of this appalling massacre can be briefly told. Hwa Sang is a mountain about twelve miles from the city of Kucheng, which is ninety miles distant from Foochow. The English Church Mission had built two small houses there as sanitariums for its missionaries in the Kucheng District. There were there at the time of the massacre—Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Stewart, their five children and nurse, Miss Nellie and Miss Topsy Saunders, in one house; and Miss Gordon, Miss Newcombe, Miss Marshall, Miss Stewart, and Miss Codrington in another. Mr. Phillips of the same mission was stopping at a native house about five minutes away, and Miss Mabel C. Hartford, of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was in a native house at the foot of a little incline about two minutes away. The evening before the massacre all were planning a picnic for the next day in honor of the sixth birthday of little Herbert Stewart. No one dreamed of the possibility of the terrible events of the morrow.

About 6.30 next morning, Thursday, Aug. 1, Mildred and Kathleen Stewart, aged twelve and eleven years respectively, were out picking flowers for their little brother. Suddenly they saw a number of men approaching, but they thought they were only laborers. In a moment they rushed upon them, and one of them caught Kathleen by the hair, dragged her along the ground, and stabbed her in two or three places on the thigh. Mildred had run into the house, and in some way Kathleen broke from the wretch who held her, fled to the house, into her parents' room, and cried out: "The Vegetarians are coming!" Her mother rushed to the door, saw the murderers, closed the door, and Kathleen never saw her again. The two girls ran to their own rooms. Mildred threw herself on her bed, and Kathleen lay under hers. Some of the Vegetarians followed and struck Mildred on the knee, cutting the joint and inflicting a wound which may prove fatal. Another band of ruffians attacked the house in which most of the young ladies were living, seized five of them, dragged them out and said they were going to carry them away. The ladies begged for their umbrellas to shade themselves from the sun, but their captors refused. While they were standing there an old Hwa Sang man came and stood between the ruffians and their captives and plead for the ladies' lives. Some of the murderers seemed disposed to spare them, but at that moment the leader approached carrying a red flag and called out, "You know your orders. Kill outright!" Whereupon they surrounded the ladies and killed them instantly. The heads of two were nearly severed from their bodies. They were all frightfully gashed and hacked. Miss Codrington was terribly cut about the face, but with rare presence of mind when she felt she feigned death and this saved her. Her would-be murderer struck her on the head after she fell and left her for dead. The last blow, however, broke her skull, but did not kill her.

In the meantime Miss Hartford was attacked. Hearing the noise, she rushed out of her house, and was seen by one Vegetarian, who cried out in Chinese: "Ah! here's a foreign woman," and immediately rushed at her with a great three-pronged spear, pointed at her chest. She seized it and turned it aside, the spear grazing her cheek and inflicting a slight wound behind her right ear. The ruffian then knocked her down and struck her with the wooden handle of the spear. Fortunately at that moment her servant, who had come up only the night before, rushed to her rescue, seized the brute, and told her to run. She rose, ran down an embankment and tried to enter a native house, but the owners would not let her in. She ran on, therefore, and in a moment met another servant who assisted her to run up the opposite hill and find in the brush-wood a place of safety. There she lay for over an hour not knowing when the murderers would look for and find her. After hiding there about an hour, she sent the servant to see how matters were, and in half an hour he returned saying that the Vegetarians had gone and that five ladies were killed. She went back as speedily as possible, and found it only too true.

What had become of Mr. Phillips? When he heard the shouting he ran out of his house, but was stopped by villagers who told him the Vegetarians had come and would kill him. He broke from them and ran toward the two English houses, but seeing a murderous crowd about them he crept up a hill and hid behind two trees about twenty yards back of the houses, from which he could see without being seen. Not seeing any foreigners, he thought they had escaped, and knowing that to go down would be certain death, he remained where he was. In about fifteen minutes the murderers set fire to the houses and went off, saying loud enough for him to hear, "Now we have killed all the foreigners." Then he knew what had happened, and ran down to find nearly all the happy company of the previous evening dead. Four ladies were lying dead in one place. Miss Newcombe he found dead at the foot of an embankment. Her head was nearly severed from her body. After killing her the murderers threw her down the slope. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart's ashes he found in what had been their bed-room; they were burned beyond recognition. In the nursery he found the remains of Miss Nellie Saunders and the nurse, burned almost beyond recognition.

Where were the children? The story of their

escape shows the extraordinary heroism of a girl only eleven years old. Kathleen Stewart, as I have already said, hid under her bed. After she had lain there for some time she heard a sound, as she described it, "as of rushing water," and crying out, "This house is on fire!" came from her hiding-place and found her sister Mildred lying on her bed terribly wounded. She helped her out of the house and then looked for the other children. In the nursery she found the baby lying under the dead body of the nurse. She found her brother Herbert with a "deep wound on the right side of neck four inches long, which clove the skull exposing the brain, and another scalp wound on the left side." A still younger brother, Ewen, she found with a stab wound on the left thigh, and several bruises. The baby had been stabbed in the right eye, and had a small punctured wound above the eye which penetrated to the brain. All these brave girls carried out of the burning building, and with the help of a villager whom she pressed into service, succeeded in carrying them to the house at which Miss Hartford had been stopping. So far as she knew then, there was no other foreigner in Hwa Sang alive except Miss Codrington, who, in spite of her terrible wounds, succeeded by creeping and walking in reaching Miss Hartford's house. When Miss Hartford returned from her hiding-place, she found all these there.

Mr. Phillips sent a letter to Dr. J. J. Gregory, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission at Kucheng, as soon as he could find a man to take it. Not a Hwa Sang man would go. On receiving the news the Doctor immediately hastened to the Yamen, secured an escort, and started for the scene of the massacre. He arrived there in the evening, and did all that was in his power to care for the wounded. By daylight he, with Miss Hartford and Mr. Phillips, had the bodies in coffins, and the ashes of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and of the nurse and Miss Nellie Saunders, in two little boxes. It was impossible, however, to find bearers. Not a man at Hwa Sang would do anything. Fortunately, however, an official arrived with a few soldiers, and after some pressure from Dr. Gregory he impressed into service a number of villagers sufficient to carry the remains to Cui Kao, a place on the Min River sixty miles from Foochow.

Everything possible thus being done, the sad procession started at 3 p. m. on the weary march. On the way little Herbert Stewart died, and after getting a coffin and laying the little body in it, they resumed the journey and arrived at Cui Kao at 8 o'clock on Saturday morning. There the local official provided boats. On the way down they were met by a steam launch sent up with a few friends to meet them. At 2.30 p. m. on Sunday they reached Foochow, and the wounded were taken to one of the hospitals, where they are now receiving the best medical care. The bodies arrived here on Monday, and at 5.30 o'clock this morning they were laid to rest.

This is the simple story of the most terrible massacre of foreigners that has ever taken place in China. More were killed at Tientsin on that awful day, the 20th of June, 1870; but that was a riot rather than a massacre. This was a murder, deliberately planned and deliberately carried out.

It is too soon to say what the consuls will do at this appalling time. Suffice it to say that they have secured evidence which may bring many of the guilty to the punishment they deserve. As to the larger question of what the foreign governments may do, my opinion would be worthless. I cannot refrain from adding, however, that I trust they will not be satisfied with a money compensation. It is this wretched policy, pursued in so many cases in the past, which is responsible for most of these massacres and riots. Nearly all of these could have been avoided by firmness on the part of the home governments. Let them but make China feel that occurrences of this kind will be terrible in the results to her, and they will cease. If they do not act with firmness now, foreigners will soon find it impossible to live anywhere outside the treaty ports.

It is painful to have to record the brutal inhumanity of the villagers of Hwa Sang. According to Chinese custom, they are deserving of severe punishment. They could easily have prevented the massacre, but with the exception of one old man they did not lift a hand to stop it. Even after the murderers had gone they would give no help, but proceeded to rob and

take away everything of value in the burning houses. They ought to be severely punished; if they are, it will go far to prevent similar outrages in the future. The servants ran almost to a man. Out above this brutal and despicable crowd stand conspicuous the heroic Christian servant of Miss Hartford, who at the risk of his own life saved hers, and a Christian woman, the wife of her teacher, who when she was thrown down ran to her aid and begged her would-be murderer to spare her. For answer the brutal wretch kicked her. It is pleasant to write of this heroism in the midst of all this infamy.

A word as to the cause of the massacre. What the purposes of the Vegetarian Society are, is not known to outsiders. By some they are regarded as robbers, by others as rebels. They have given the officials a great deal of trouble in the Kucheng District during the past year. They have attacked Christians and non-Christians alike, and they hated the foreigners because they were foreigners, not because they were missionaries. They had become so violent that on the 24th of July three hundred soldiers were sent up from Foochow to hold them in check if possible. Their leaders attributed their coming to the influence of the foreigners, and it is believed that then they determined to exterminate them. They immediately began to assemble at a certain village whose name is now known, and their threats against the churches became bolder than ever. On the night before the massacre a letter was received by a certain pastor saying the foreigners would be killed on the morrow. He wrote a letter to Mr. Stewart warning him, but unfortunately did not send it till daylight, and when the messenger was within two miles of Hwa Sang he met a man who told him that all was over, that the foreigners were killed. What an awful result of a few hours' delay! The Vegetarians planned the murder carefully, and the reason seems to have been to take vengeance on the foreigners for having, as they supposed, brought the troops to Kucheng. I trust that the investigation, which ought to be made by a foreign official on the ground, will be so thorough as to reveal the real causes, bring the perpetrators to justice, and result in the adoption of such measures as will make forever impossible the occurrence of so terrible a massacre in the future.

Foochow, China.

The Conferences.

N. E. Southern Conference.

New Bedford District.

Fairhaven.—The pastor, Rev. W. S. Fitch, has taken no vacation, but has remained at his post during the summer, preaching twice every Sunday and on several Sundays three times, to meet some of the numerous calls for his services at adjacent points. The attendance and interest at the public services have continued to increase, especially the Sunday evening service—a "People's Service," which the pastor inaugurated soon after his arrival at this charge, and which has called out large audiences from the start. At this service the regular order of the Discipline—the sermon, prayers, Scripture lesson, and congregational singing—is supplemented by sacred music of the classic order rendered by an orchestra, and Gospel hymns by a male quartet, all under the personal direction of the pastor, who is himself a practical musician and composer. Rev. Frank F. Fitch, a student in Ohio Wesleyan University, has been spending his vacation with his parents, and has greatly aided his father in the work of the pastorate, especially in the music and work among the children and youth. He returns to the University this week, and will be greatly missed here. The claims of the pastor and presiding elder are paid to date, and the outlook is hopeful for spiritual growth in the church.

Bryantville.—There was a very pleasant gathering at the parsonage, Saturday, Sept. 7, the occasion being the marriage of Prof. William F. Gibson, of Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, and Mary Flanders, daughter of Rev. C. P. Flanders. Since her graduation a year ago at the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, Miss Flanders has been teaching in Bryantville. She has also played the organ in the church, and been active in the Epworth League. The people here are sorry to lose her. On Sunday, as she took her seat in the church she found a beautiful bouquet of white flowers awaiting her. Monday morning the young people started for Wilbraham.

Falmouth.—The new chapel will probably be completed by Nov. 1, and be dedicated free of debt. The official board have thoughtfully voted the pastor, Rev. J. E. Blake, a vacation of three weeks, to commence Sept. 30. After the arduous labors of the summer incident to obtaining

funds before beginning these improvements, and the regular work which has been advanced along all lines, the rest is well deserved by this successful young pastor. Mr. Blake recently passed in four of his Conference studies; Rev. E. F. Clark, of Grace Church, Taunton, acting as supervisor. So much done before Conference, which gives the young men their choice of the time, books, and place of examination, must be of great advantage to each student in the Conference courses.

Sandwich.—Rev. C. N. Hinckley is preaching a series of sermons on "Sabbath Observance." He attended the Cape Cod Ministerial Association meeting at Buzzard's Bay, Tuesday, Sept. 3.

Buzzard's Bay.—President Cleveland and family announce their intention to remain at Gray Gables until the middle of October.

Orleans.—Miss Grace Thompson, sister of Rev. G. O. Thompson, pastor here, died in Bermuda recently. She was a beautiful Christian girl of sixteen. The Junior League has 21 members, and is planning work for the fall.

Taunton.—Rev. J. W. Willett and wife have returned from a nine weeks' stay in their Cottage City home. Mr. Willett is in his usual health. He, with others, reports that the camp-meeting at the Vineyard was unusually successful.

Fall River.—The State Sunday-school Association is planning for a great meeting in this city, Oct. 1, 2 and 3. Entertainment for 600 delegates is to be provided in Fall River homes. D. L. Moody will conduct one of the services. Mr. Jacobs, the singer who accompanies Mr. Moody in his work, is to conduct the service of song at most of the sessions of the convention. Special railroad rates, going and returning by way of Boston, have been secured over nearly all the railroads. The program offers inducements to Sunday-school workers that ought to bring them from all parts of the State.

Westport Point.—There was a service of baptism by immersion at the river, Sunday, Sept. 2. Three persons were immersed by Rev. W. D. Woodward, the pastor, in the presence of a large assembly. The new bridge was lined with carriages and people. There has been an unusual

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THE DOCTOR'S COLUMN.

L. A. S. Detroit.—Kindly advise for the following: Have a rash that is about my body, have suffered for two years. My mother suffers from melancholia, is very nervous and weak.

For yourself take Thyroidine, extract of the thyroid gland, in three-drop doses, twice daily, for two months. Take a teaspoonful of Natrolithic Salts, in a half-tumbler of water, a half-hour before breakfast, twice a week. Give your mother Cerebrine, extract of the brain, in five-drop doses, three times daily.

J. L. Chicago.—I suffer with pains in my stomach after eating. Please state a remedy.

You are suffering from indigestion. Take Gastrine, a teaspoonful after each meal, three times a day. It is the best remedy for dyspepsia.

C. New York.—Lately my skin has become rather "ditty" looking. Be kind enough to suggest a remedy.

Natrolithic Salts, a teaspoonful in a half-tumbler of water, one-half hour before breakfast, twice a week.

M. L. Chicago.—Had the grip about two years ago, and have never fully recovered. Seem to now have malaria. What will benefit me?

Febrioid pills, one three times daily, for two months.

T. A. P., Helena, Mont.—Send full name; will advise by mail.

Med. Dept., Col. Chem. Co. W. T. PARKER, M. D.

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The Family.

THE ONE TALENT.

Buchanan McClellan.

A blessed thought,
That, in His gracious charity,
He but requir'd of me
My little all.

A quickening thought,
That, in His wise economy,
He yet hath need from even me
Of all my little.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

Oh, let Thy sacred will
All Thy delight in me fulfill!
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as Thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to Thy skill.
— George Herbert.

Let the grapes be ever so sweet and hang
In plenty ever so low, there is always a fair
bunch out of reach. — A. D. T. Whitney.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's
sincerity is that he gives himself for a prin-
ciple. Words, money, all things else, are
comparatively easy to give away; but when
a man makes a gift of his daily life and
practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever
it may be, has taken possession of him. —
James Russell Lowell.

There is no higher function which a hu-
man soul may take upon itself than this:
to make men see and love God. It imparts
to those who rise to its opportunities a
sanctity and beauty past all power of
speech to express. In countless households
there are women who are patiently, in
sweet unconsciousness of their saintly serv-
ice, spelling the ways and mysteries of God
in words so simple that he who runs may
read. Year in and year out in these blessed
homes God becomes real, near, and divine-
ly compassionate through this silent reve-
lation of character. — The Outlook.

A friend of mine told me of a visit he had
paid to a poor woman, overwhelmed with
trouble in her little room; but she al-
ways seemed cheerful. She knew the Rock.
"Why," said he, "Mary, you must have
very dark days; they must overcome you
with clouds sometimes." "Yes," she said,
"but then I often find there's comfort in a
cloud." "Comfort in a cloud, Mary?"
"Yes," she said, "when I am very low
and dark I go to the window, and if I see
a heavy cloud, I think of those precious
words, 'A cloud received Him out of their
sight;' and I look up and see the cloud
sure enough, and then I think — well, that
may be the cloud that hides Him, and so
you see there is comfort in a cloud."
— Treasury of Religious Thought.

"They are not lost." Oh! say this in your
weeping
O'er the still faces that your lips have kissed;
For God Himself doth take unto His keep-
ing
The jewels from our household treasures
miss'd.

He, the great Father, knows each heart's sore
aching;
His hand will wipe away the falling tears,
And gather up the links, unclasped and break-
ing,
To shine undimmed through the eternal
years.
— ELLEN M. COMSTOCK, in Woman's Journal.

The beatitude of Christ shows that the
blessing of sorrow lies in the comfort. A
large portion of the Bible is comfort, which
can become ours only through sorrow. We
can say, "Blessed is night, for it reveals to
us the stars." In the same way we can say,
"Blessed is sorrow, for it reveals God's
comfort." The floods washed away home
and mill, all the poor man had in the world.
But as he stood on the scene of his loss,
after the water had subsided, broken-
hearted and discouraged, he saw something
shining in the bank which the waters had
washed bare. "It looks like gold," he said.
It was gold. The flood which had beggared
him made him rich. So it is oftentimes in life.
Sorrow strips off loved possessions, but re-
veals the treasures of the love of God.
We are sure, at least, that every sorrow
that comes brings to us a gift from God, a
blessing which may be ours if we will accept
it. Sorrow should always be treated hospi-
tably and reverently, as a messenger from
heaven. It comes not as enemy, but as
friend. We may reject it just as we may re-
ject any other messenger from God, and
miss the blessing. But if we welcome it in
Christ's name, it will leave in heart and
home a gift of love. — S. S. Times.

"The have-beens are indeed to be pitied,
but not so much as those who 'might have
been,' those who have never tasted the
sweetness of life nor known its brighter hours.
The aphorisms are fallacies; the great poet
is right:—

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

Madame Récamier courageously noted
the fading of her peerless beauty when she
saw that the chimney-sweeps no longer
turned to look at her. "They cannot say
but that I had the crown," said Scott, in
old age; and when the world is full of shad-
ows the have-beens can think of their lost
sunshine, and remember that they too lived

in Arcadia. Better, far better, to have had
and to have lost than to be always poor,
unloved, and unlovely; while accepting
privations and changes with a certain
cheerful philosophy as well as with ready
submission to the Divine will, the losers
can honestly feel and say, —

"Often glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore."
— Harper's Bazar.

There are some who think that the idea
of God compassing their path is oppressive.
They shrink from it. It contracts their be-
ing and depresses their energies. They
have not room or freedom to do as they
like. You have seen a ripe apple that has
been kept in the store-room over the winter
until all its juices have evaporated, and its
skin has become dried and wrinkled, and it
has shrunk in size to a fourth of what it was.
Take that withered, wizened apple, and
place it under the bell-glass of an air-pump;
and as you withdraw the air that presses on
it from the outside, the air within itself
causes it to expand, smooths out its
wrinkles, and makes it once more the
plump, fresh apple that it was when you
newly plucked it from the tree. A similar
effect, they suppose, would be produced
upon their being were the oppressive com-
passing of their path by God removed.
They would be free to live, they think, a
larger life. They would no longer be
crushed by a sense of constant subjection
to a Higher Power, and would be left un-
hampered to follow the impulses of their
own thought, and to grow at their own
sweet will. They would move more easily
under their own indulgent eye than they
could under the strict eye of divine, un-
bending righteousness, and they would be-
come higher beings in their own estimation.
But this is a vain expectation. This imagi-
nary freer and larger life would be like that
which Satan promised to our first parents
when they ate the forbidden fruit. A heav-
ier burden would press upon them than the
compassing of their path by God. Their
life would be made still narrower and poorer
without Him. The apple swells mechan-
ically only, with its own internal gas, and
not with the fresh juices of life. It is
empty and without substance. And so is
the life from which the conscious pressure
of God upon it is removed. To be without
God in the world is to be without hope.
There may be the appearance of living, but
the soul is dead. — Hugh Macmillan, D. D.

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN
W. C. T. U. WORK.

I.

M. Ella A. Gleason.

ONE cannot travel much without learn-
ing more or less of the ways of the
world, the general tendencies of the people,
the careless manner in which some lives
are lived, and the utter lack of all sense of
responsibility that is manifested, at times,
either in regard to one's own life or the in-
fluence that life may have upon others.

During the seven years which I have
given to the temperance work, traveling in
various parts of the United States, I have
noticed that perhaps the chief attribute of
the traveling public is thoughtlessness —
thoughtlessness about little things that
mean sometimes common politeness, a lit-
tle more comfort or a pleasanter journey
for a fellow-traveler, without oftentimes any
particular sacrifice on our part; thought-
lessness, too, about more important mat-
ters that pertain to the moral and spiritual
welfare. But the trouble about this latter
form of thoughtlessness is, that when at-
tention is called to the bearing that a word
or an act may have upon the life, the of-
fender will almost invariably exclaim:
"Why, I never looked at it that way. I
didn't think about it."

I would like to cite an incident of this
kind — one of many which lead us to desire
so earnestly that our young people may be
quickened to consecrated thinking. "For
as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

A few months ago, as I was traveling in
the western part of Massachusetts to fill a
lecture engagement, it was necessary for
me to change cars at one of the numerous
railway junctions. As white-ribboners are
proverbially tired, it is my custom after
taking my seat in the car to rest my head
on my hand, close my eyes, and secure all
the rest possible on a fast-moving, noisy
train. While in this position I felt, rather
than saw, that two persons entered, seated
themselves behind me and began to talk.

It has been said that young women are
much given to talking over their personal
affairs for the benefit of their fellow-pas-
sengers. The persons behind me were cer-
tainly not exceptions to this rule, for in
spite of my great effort not to hear, I be-
came so interested in their conversation
that I wished to see my entertainers. As I
turned my head I was astonished to see two
young men; so I mentally retracted all that
I had been thinking that was derogatory to
young women.

One young man said to the other: "How

shall we pass away the time? Say, go and
see if you can get a paper, will you? Let's
read the news."

His companion went in search of the
newsboy. His stay was somewhat pro-
tracted, and on his return young man num-
ber one said: —

"Seems to me you were gone long
enough."

"Well," said number two, "you'll have
nothing to read — papers all sold; but I tell
you what, there's a giddy girl down at the
other end of this car."

"Is that so? Do you suppose we can
get acquainted with her?"

"I don't know; let's go and see."

I felt weary no longer. I knew that this
emergency demanded that I must rise above
all personal feelings.

As the young men went down the aisle, I
looked around to see the girl of whom they
had spoken. There was no mistaking the
person — a bright, attractive girl about
seventeen years old, with rosy cheeks and
sparkling eyes that, in spite of themselves,
danced with pleasure at what her appear-
ance indicated was an unusual holiday.

The young men returned to their seats
without entering into conversation with
her, and sat quietly for a few moments,
when, summoning all my courage, I turned
and said: —

"I beg your pardon, but I would like to
ask you a question."

They leaned forward courteously, and,
looking at the one who had made the re-
mark, I asked, —

"Why did you say, 'There is a giddy girl
at the other end of the car?'"

Astonishment and dismay possessed him
for an instant, but, recovering himself, he
answered: —

"Because I think she is."

"Is what?"

"A giddy girl."

"What is a giddy girl?"

He did not reply.

"My friend, would you like to hear your
sister spoken of in the light way in which
you have spoken of the girl in this car?"

Toasing his head, he replied: "No, I don't
think I should."

"Well, my boy, isn't she your sister?
According to all claims of humanity and
chivalry, isn't she entitled to your protec-
tion and care, as she is traveling alone?
You are older than she, and certainly seem
better acquainted with the ways of the
world. My boy, isn't she your little sis-
ter?"

He had gradually lowered his eyes during
the conversation; now, raising them and
looking me full in the face, he said, —

"Madam, you are right; I didn't think."

How often we hear this excuse given for
mistakes and failures! And many times it
is a genuine one.

"Evil is wrought for want of thought
As well as for want of heart."

Let us think, then! Think noble thoughts,
and this right thinking will resolve itself
into words and deeds that shall help to lift
the burden of sin and sorrow resting so
heavily on this weary world. "He who is
habitually thoughtful rarely neglects his
duty or his true interest."

Rosindale, Mass.

ANNIE'S WAY OF WORKING.

VERY tiny and pale the little girl looked as
she stood before those three grave and
dignified gentlemen. She had been ushered into
the study of Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston,
where he was holding counsel with two of his
deacons, and now upon inquiry into the nature
of her errand, a little shyly preferred the request
to be allowed to become a member of his church.

"You are quite too young to join the church,"
said one of the deacons, "you had better run
home, and let us talk to your mother."

She showed no sign of running, however, as
her wistful blue eyes traveled from one face to
another of the three gentlemen sitting in their
comfortable chairs; she only drew a little step
nearer to Dr. Gordon. He arose, and, with the
gentle courtesy that ever marked him, placed
her in a small chair close beside himself.

"Now, my child, tell me your name and where
you live."

"Annie Graham, sir, and I live on K — Street.
I go to your Sunday-school."

"You do; and who is your teacher?"

"Miss B —. She is very good to me."

"And you want to join the church?"

The child's face glowed as she leaned eagerly
toward him, clasping her hands; but all she said
was, "Yes, sir."

"She cannot be more than six years old," said
one of the deacons, disapprovingly.
Dr. Gordon said nothing, but quietly regarded
the small, earnest face, now becoming a little
downcast.

"I am ten years old — older than I look," she
said.

"It is not usual for us to admit any one so

young to membership," he said, thoughtfully.

"We have never done so; still —"

"It may make an undesirable precedent," re-
marked the other deacon.

The Doctor did not seem to hear, as he asked,
"You know what joining the church is, An-
nie?"

"Yes, sir," and she answered a few questions
that proved she comprehended the meaning of
the step she wished to take. She had slipped off
her chair, and now stood close to Dr. Gordon's
knee.

"You said, last Sabbath, sir, that the lamb
should be in the fold?"

"I did," he answered, with one of his own
lovely smiles. "It is surely not for us to keep
them out. Go home now, my child. I will see
your friends and arrange to take you into mem-
bership very soon."

The cloud lifted from the child's face, and her
expression, as she passed through the door he
opened for her, was one of entire peace.

Inquiries made of Annie's Sabbath-school
teacher proving satisfactory, she was baptized
the following week, and, except for occasional
information from Miss B. that she was doing
well, Dr. Gordon heard no more of her for about
a year.

Then he was summoned to her funeral. It was
one of June's hottest days, and as the Doctor
made his way along the narrow street on which
Annie had lived he wished, for a moment, that
he had asked his assistant to come instead of
himself; but as he neared the house the crowd
filled him with wonder; progress was hindered,
and, as perforce he paused for a moment, his eye
fell on a crippled lad crying bitterly as he sat on
a low doorstep.

"Did you know Annie Graham, lad?" he
asked.

"Know her, is it, sir? Niver a week passed
but what she came twice or thrice with a pic-
ture or a book, mayhap an apple, for me, an' it's
owin' to her an' no clergy at all that I'll ever fol-
low her blessed footsteps to heaven. She'd read
me from her own Bible whenever she came, an'
now she's gone there'll be none at all to help
me, for mother's dead an' dad's drunk, and the
sunshine's gone from Mike's sky with Annie,
sir."

A burst of sobs choked the boy. Dr. Gordon
passed on, after promising him a visit very soon,
making his way through the crowd of tear-
stained, sorrowful faces. The Doctor came to a
stop again in the narrow passageway of the little
house. A woman stood beside him drying her
fast-falling tears, while a wee child hid his face
in her skirts and wept.

"Was Annie a relative of yours?" the Doctor
asked.

"No, sir; but the blessed child was at our
house constantly, and when Bob here was sick
she nursed and tended him, and her hymns
quieted him when nothing else seemed to do it.
It was just the same with all the neighbors.
What she's been to us do one but the Lord will
ever know, and now she lies there."

Recognized at last, Dr. Gordon was led to the
room where the child lay at rest, looking almost
younger than when he had seen her in his study
a year ago. An old bent woman was crying
aloud by the coffin.

"I never thought she'd go afore I did. She
used to run in regular to read an' sing to me
every evening, an' it was her talk an' prayers
that made a Christian of me; you could a'most
go to heaven on one of her prayers."

"Mother, mother, come home," said a young
man, putting his arm round her to lead her
away. "You'll see her again."

"I know, I know; she said she'd wait for me
at the gate," she sobbed, as she followed him;
"but I miss her sore now."

A silence fell on those assembled, and, marvel-
ing at such testimony, Dr. Gordon proceeded
with the service, feeling as if there was little
more he could say of one whose deeds thus spoke
for her. Loving hands had laid flowers all
around the child who had led them. One tiny
lamb had placed a dandelion in the small waxen
fingers, and now stood, abandoned to grief, be-
side the still form that bore the impress of abso-
lute purity. The service over, again and again
was the coffin lid waded back by some one long-
ing for one more look, and they seemed as if
they could not let her go.

The next day a good-looking man came to Dr.
Gordon's house and was admitted into his study.
"I am Annie's uncle, sir," he said, simply.
"She never rested till she made me promise to
join the church, and I've come."

Dr. Gordon sat in the twilight, resting, after
his visitor had left. The summer breeze blew in
through the windows, and his thoughts turned
backward and dwelt on what his little parish-
ioner had done.

Truly a marvelous record for one year. It is
well said, "their angels do ever behold His face."
— L. C. W., in Christian Arbitrator.

Bits of Fun.

— Caller: "Your office is as hot as an
oven."

— Merchant: "Well it might be! I make my
daily bread here, you know. — Exchange."

— He: "My views on bringing up a family
are —"

— She: "Never mind your views. I'll bring
up the family. You go and bring up the coal."

— Impetuous Lover: "Be mine, Amanda,
and you will be treated like an angel."

— Wealthy Maiden: "Yes, I suppose so. Noth-
ing to eat and less to wear. No, I thank you."
— St. Louis Humorist.

— Patron: "This set of teeth you made
me is too big."

— Dentist: "Yes, sir. Sit down in the chair,
and I'll enlarge your mouth a little." — Es-
change.

UNDER THE CLOUD.

TO ONE IN GRIEF.

Under the cloud we pass,
The cloud that dims our skies,
The hot tears blur our eyes,
We enter the cloud, alas!

We mourn for our vanished bliss,
For the days that come no more,
With her laugh at the dear home door,
On our lips her tender kiss.

We sigh for the might-have-beens,
For the words we did not say—
Was it only yesterday?—
And memory sits and spins

A web that is like a shroud,
So thick and dark does it fold.
Wee for the tale that is told!
Like children we cry aloud.

For when she was here, and yet
Our own, for love's sweet grace,
When the lighting up of her face
Could vanquish our dull regret

And give us succor from pain,
We took as a common thing
(Ah! there is the sharpened sting)
The touch, the look, the strain,

The music and cheer she gave—
And now she is gone away,
Lost into heaven's bright day;
And we—plant flowers on her grave.

Aye, friends, we are under the cloud,
So white, so chill, so thick,
And the heart grows faint and sick,
So fast do our wan thoughts crowd.

But the cloud has an upper side,
And somewhere out of the blue
Our darling is looking through,
And our sorrow is glorified.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Christian Intelligencer*.

"LOVE SUFFERETH LONG AND IS KIND."

Hope Darling.

LOUISE MARSHALL heard no word of the sermon that Sunday morning. Outside were the cloudless September sky and the green of fields and foliage tinted with the russet shade the early autumn brings. Inside were the usual uncomfortable pews and hideously painted walls of a country church. The congregation, too, was much like that of the average rural community. Even Mr. Jackson, the pastor, was somewhat commonplace in spite of his earnestness and nobility.

Louise had remarked about this commonplaceness times enough; but on this particular morning she never gave it a thought. It was one clause of the lesson read by Mr. Jackson that had sent her thoughts wandering. He used the Revised Version, and when he read, "Love suffereth long and is kind," Louise's lip curled and she muttered to herself: "It is not love, then, for surely it is anything but kind."

You see, Louise, with her fresh, blonde face and hair in which the sunbeams seemed entangled, was a bride less than a year before. Her husband, Linwood Marshall, sat at her side then.

On the other side of Louise sat Mrs. Marshall senior. She was dark, like her son, and erect in spite of her sixty summers. She sat very still, her hands, encased in black cotton gloves, crossed on her lap, the scant skirt of her black cashmere dress carefully drawn away from contact with the dusty floor.

How different it all was from Louise's plans for her married life! She had been a shop girl in a distant city; Linwood had met her while visiting a cousin, and the old story had once again been sweetly new to the lovers. Louise had been motherless from her early childhood. When her betrothed told her that the home to which he would take her was owned jointly by himself and his mother, and asked if she could be content to live with this mother, she replied,—

"Oh, Lin, I have been hungry for mother-love all my life! Don't be jealous when I say I am thinking almost as much of your mother as of you. I will love her so well she cannot help liking me."

And Louise dreamed of the charming artistic home she would make of the old farm-house. Choice of all its furnishings she imagined a white-haired woman with a face of inexpressible tenderness.

Then she came to the Marshall homestead and found—Mrs. Marshall senior. There was not one thing about Louise of which her mother-in-law approved. First, she resented her presence. Whatever Linwood wanted to marry for, was more than she could see. And then to marry that foolish child! Louise's ignorance of farm-work and farm ways, her daintiness of dress, her girlish affectation, her love of pleasure and of Linwood's petting, even her golden hair, all came in for a share of Mrs. Marshall's censure.

And Louise? Unfortunately she was not an angel. When her offers of confidence and affection were repulsed, when she was ridiculed, nay, even scolded, she shed tears,

many and bitter. This made the elder woman more angry. Louise still wept and sulked a little. Then, as time went on, she began to retort angrily, and soon there were bitter quarrels between the two women who shared Linwood Marshall's home and love.

Perhaps he discovered he was a little to blame for not having talked more frankly to Louise about his mother. But how was he to know that his wife would so utterly fail to meet his mother's expectations? Well, they must settle it between themselves. So he kept silent when the wordy battles came, only now and then saying a cruel thing when appealed to by one against the other.

One of these times had come this very Sunday morning of which I am telling you. Linwood and Louise were in their own room dressing for church. The young wife had repeated some sarcastic words addressed to her by her husband's mother.

"What makes you look so indifferent?" she asked, pettishly, as she braided her long hair. "And I'd like to know why it is that you are the only person who can ever please your mother?"

"I suppose she loves me," was the cool reply. "It may surprise you to learn that I am capable of retaining even the love of my mother," and he strode out of the door, closing it with a bang.

Yes, Louise cried a little. But she nursed the feeling of resentment against both her husband and his mother. So you see how it was she fell to musing over the love that "suffereth long and is kind."

"Lin's love is not always kind," she thought. "And his mother—even her love for him is bitter sometimes. And mine!"

Here she paused. She loved her husband, but how seldom had she suffered to spare him? Instead, she had often wounded him by taunting words concerning his mother.

Louise stole a timid glance at the woman sitting at her side. It was not a happy face.

"How many times she has hurt me!" the young wife said to herself. "Yet she stands in the place of a mother to me. We are both professing Christians, and Lin—can I wonder that he does not care for a religion that does not keep the possessors of it from quarreling? Last Sunday we knelt here at the communion table and went home to dispute about the pudding sauce for dinner. Oh, I'm going to do better! I can't help what she does, but I am going to cultivate toward her the love that is kind."

They rose then for the last hymn. Louise's hand came in contact with her husband's, and she slipped it in his for a single instant. Linwood's eyes turned in astonishment to hers. What he saw there stirred his heart strangely. Somehow the sunshine was more radiant for two of the little group as they emerged from the low door.

"I will sit with mother. You know she forgot her umbrella," Louise said, as Lin drove the double carriage around. As she carefully shaded Mrs. Marshall's black straw bonnet that had done duty for three years, she tried to forget how the sun had beat down on that same bonnet on the way to church.

When she was changing her dress Louise hung back in the closet the white wrapper she had taken down.

"Mother thinks it foolish to wash so many white dresses and skirts," she said to herself. "Of course I have a right to wear what I please, but it isn't kind, to say the least, to irritate her."

She put on a neat gingham and hurried downstairs. The table was spread as the elder woman liked, the fruit was served with special reference to her taste, and she was actually heard to say: "Your coffee is good today, Louise. You will learn to cook in the course of time."

Louise was out in the hammock watching the sunset when she was joined by Lin.

"Room for two, little girl?" he asked, sitting down and drawing her to him in the old caressing way that had been nearly dropped between them.

Nestling there in her husband's arms, Louise opened her heart to him—told him how sorry she was for the past, and asked him to be patient with her and help her to be gentle with his mother.

"I shall fail, sometimes, Lin," she said, tenderly. "May I not look to you for strength and comfort then? Forgive me, dear, for the cruel things I have said to you about your mother. I am trusting in Christ for grace to never say another."

Lin felt a curious lump rise in his throat as he bent to kiss his young wife.

"You are too good for me, Louise. You

have had a hard life here. If my love and tenderness can make it easier for you, things shall be different from today."

If you think Louise's task an easy one, just try suppressing every sharp word that rises to your lips; try to put down every bitter thought that comes into your heart; try to please some one that is determined not to be pleased; try practicing the love that "suffereth long and is kind."

But Louise knew in whom she trusted for strength, and her reward came at last—came one October night two years later when Mrs. Marshall senior lay dying.

"It is all right," she whispered, with a labored breath. "I have been hard sometimes, but God is love—I see it so plain now. Linwood, my son," she went on after a brief pause, "will you promise to meet me in heaven? Then I can die happy."

"I promise, mother," Lin replied, struggling to be calm; "but, oh, how can I spare you?"

"Louise will comfort you and help you in your Christian life," the dying woman said, feebly. "Good-by, my children! Louise, you have been like an own daughter to me, and I love you."

Her voice sank low, there were a few moments of convulsive gasping for breath, and Linwood and Louise Marshall stood by the dead body of their mother.

Hastings, Mich.

DON'T LET THE DUST GATHER.

I FEEL like saying to every woman—to the busy, hard-worked, restricted women, to those full of hope and charm who are just setting out on the journey, to the apathetic ones who are nearing the end of it—I feel like saying, Don't let the dust gather.

Don't let the dust gather on your ideals. They are the best part of your mental furniture.

Don't let the dust gather on your enthusiasms. An enthusiastic desire is in itself a kind of fulfillment.

Don't let the dust gather on your vows—your church vows, your marriage vows. They are as real, as binding, as when the good pastor laid his hand on your head; as when you stood at the altar with the man that you loved.

Don't let the dust gather on your blessings. A diamond covered with dust seems no more than a stone.

Don't let the dust gather on your favorite study. Get down the Latin or algebra—above all, the history.

Don't let the dust gather on your accomplishments—if you can help it.

Don't let the dust, the imperceptible dust, gather day by day, to clog and smother the things that you value. Activity is youth, health, life itself; idleness means stagnation and death. Enthusiasm is contagious—it is like fire, and will communicate itself, whether or no; love quickens the vital current; some sort of love—it may be the love of lepidoptera or the Eocene period—is what

"Always makes us young,
And always keeps us so."

"The more you do the more you may do?" Of course the more you do the more you must do, and the more you are able to do. The busiest people have the most time; and, to state the other side of the paradox, the people who do the least are the "busiest." One of the delightful, refreshing, inspiring, glorious things about human nature is its power of expansion—that power which we sometimes doubt, which frequently startles us, and which makes it impossible to set a limit to the capacity of the meanest soul. We don't know what we might do with our bodies. "Our bodies are our gardens," says Shakespeare, "to which our wills are gardeners;" but what very indifferent gardeners! The bank clerk's discriminations of touch, the tea-taster's discriminations of palate, the musician's refinement of ear, the sailor's or Indian's eyesight, the sinews and joints of the gymnast—these things are all marvels to us; it seems hardly possible that members and organs very like ours are susceptible of such development. And as we are physically, even so much more are we spiritually. When we feel and believe what a treasury we have in our own hearts, minds and wills, when we cultivate and cherish them, we shall then know better how to arouse ambition and strengthen faith in those about us.

As we grow older, I think we care less for work for work's sake—that is, for its immediate results, so small a part of God's plan—and care more for it for its reactive effects on ourselves and others. To be working, to be alive, is a good apart from what we can do. Man excels in concentration and force; grant woman her peculiar excellence! A gracious woman is beloved as the sun; and, like the sun, she shines by reason of what she is.—DORA R. GOODALE, in *Adequate and Guardian*.

Little Folks.

POLLY'S MINUTES.

POLLY was sewing. At least, she had her thimble and scissors in her lap and a partly hemmed napkin in her hand. But the napkin was being whisked about on the rug for the amusement of Polly's kitten.

The tall clock in the corner ticked steadily, as it had been doing for nearly a hundred years. Polly looked up at its old brass face.

"How slow you are!" she sighed.

"Mother said I must sew for an hour, and your hands have only gone half way around since I began. Can't you tick any faster?"

Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Really it was a most aggravating old clock. Presently Polly began to yawn.

"I wish it didn't take sixty minutes to an hour," she thought. The clock ticking was making her sleepy.

"I wish—there weren't—any minutes."

"You do, do you?" said a round-eyed, thin-legged Brownie, such as Polly had read about in Mr. Palmer Cox's stories.

"Did you ever see a minute?" asked the little man, before Polly had gotten over her surprise at seeing him.

"No," said Polly, "I never did."

"Come along with me, then." And he led the way toward the clock. Then Polly noticed that the door in the lower part of the clock was open. The Brownie stepped in between the weights and the pendulum, and Polly found that she had suddenly grown small enough to follow him. When they were inside, the bottom of the clock began to go down, carrying them with it as though they were in an elevator.

"Who are you?" Polly asked the Brownie as they started.

"I am your Time-keeper," he answered. "I live in the clock with the Time-keepers for the rest of your family. I tell your servants what you want them to do."

"My servants!" cried Polly in astonishment; and then she held her breath, for they were going down very swiftly.

Presently they stopped before an opening in the wall of the passage through which they had come.

Through this opening they stepped into a lighted corridor, so long that Polly could not see the end of it. The roof, floor and walls of the corridor were made of something which looked like yellow sand, and opening off both sides of it were smaller passage-ways, from which came a clinking sound, like the ticking of many clocks.

The Brownie led Polly into one of these side corridors.

"Here is one of your servants," he said. Then Polly saw another Brownie at work with a pickaxe which clicked against the wall as regularly as the tall old clock had ticked.

"What is his name?" asked Polly.

"He is called one hour," answered the Brownie, "and he is gathering minutes, which are of pure gold, and which belong to you. When he has gathered sixty of them, your next Hour will come to work in his place, and this one will take the minutes he has gathered for you and do with them whatever I tell him to do. Some of them will be made into gold dollars, all stamped with your name. Didn't you know before that 'Time is money'?" And of course, being fairy money, it buys much more than common money does. Happiness and knowledge and goodness and greatness all can be bought with well-spent time."

But won't all my minutes be made into gold dollars?" asked Polly.

"Wait and see," said the Brownie.

Presently a bell sounded, like the striking of a clock. Immediately the Hour Brownie threw down his pickaxe and another Brownie came rushing in to work in his place. But the first Hour put his sixty minutes into a basket, and looked at Polly's Time-keeper.

"Keep fifteen and throw the rest away," said the Time-keeper, and the Hour ran away with the basket on his shoulder.

"Why did you tell him to throw away my minutes?" cried Polly.

"Because they belong with the wasted minutes," answered the Brownie. "Fifteen minutes of this hour you have used in sewing. Those minutes will be made into fairy dollars. The rest of the time you have spent playing with the kitten and sleeping, and those minutes you yourself have wasted."

"I have been asleep!" exclaimed Polly; and just then she woke up.

"Well," she thought, beginning to sew very hard on her napkin, "those minutes may be thrown away, but this next Hour will have to make every bit of gold into dollars."

And she has been careful about saving her minutes ever since.—*The Child's Hour*.

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear wee woman of four;
Her feet in their shiny slippers
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good; she had promised;
And so, with her big brown eyes
She stared at the meeting-house windows
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher;
But she thought of the honey bees
Dropping away in the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of the broken basket,
Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies, with fringed ears,
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss you,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet!
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips,
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger-tips.
The people whispered, "Bless the child!"
As each one winked from a nap;
But the dear wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.

—Exchange.

Editorial.

OUR PAPER FOR 1896.

Our usual annual Announcement is not made for 1896 for the following conclusive reasons. In providing in advance for our pages, as has been our custom for years, we have gradually gathered a group of able and most attractive writers who are available at all times, and who voluntarily or by direction largely pre-empt our space.

Deferred Contributions.

So much excellent and desirable material has come to us during the last year that we have been congested with riches, and have, therefore, been able to publish only a part of what was announced for 1895. The series on "Denominational Peculiarities," by distinguished religious editors, is only begun, as also those upon "Methodism in the Great Cities," and the "Makers of New England Methodism." We have not yet reached the series upon "How to Conduct the Sunday Night Service," nor that upon "Some Reforms Demanded of the Next General Conference." Several Round Tables, with distinguished contributors, are yet to come, notably "What will Federation Do for the Two Methodisms?" and "Is it Possible to Do Business on Absolutely Christian Principles?" "Professions and Occupations for Women," so greatly enjoyed by our young women readers, is only about half completed. Nearly a third of the most attractive portion of our Announcement of one year ago is, therefore, yet to be published.

The General Conference.

The General Conference of 1896 will be in many respects a most important and determinative session. The preliminary and necessary discussion of subjects which will there be acted upon, with reports of the proceedings, will occupy a considerable portion of our space for the coming months. We shall make a specialty of this event in all that is of vital interest to the church.

Equipped as Never Before.

Gradually, in the contributory, reportorial and editorial departments proper, the paper is being brought each year nearer to our ideal of perfect equipment. Our contributors as associate helpers, either voluntarily or through special assignment, as has been stated, furnish our columns with the very best and most pertinent thought upon living topics. Our trained correspondents keep our readers promptly informed of all important happenings in the Old as well as the New World. In the editorial department all vital subjects in church, reform, and politics have brief, frank and independent treatment. The religious journal should hold itself rigidly responsible for providing its readers with everything that they need to know in order to form intelligent and right judgment upon any current event of importance.

Superior in 1896.

Thus equipped, and with such working ideals, it is the purpose of the editorial management to make ZION'S HERALD in 1896 increasingly interesting, valuable and indispensable. The special departments of the paper, which are highly appreciated by so many, will be continued in the coming year, notably the "Outlook," the "Sunday School," and the "Family" and Epworth League pages.

In Every Methodist Home in New England.

With the promise of better times financially — which is already being fulfilled — there should be a general and determined effort on the part of our ministers to put their paper into every Methodist home in New England. Let the work of canvassing for new subscribers begin at once!

The special attention of the ministers is called to an important communication mailed to them this week by the Publisher.

THE SIZE OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

THE reduction of the size of the General Conference will be one of the most imperative duties of the coming session. When it convenes next May, it will be the largest ever assembled — too large for convenience, for thorough deliberation, or even for safety in results.

Several propositions are before the church now looking to the reduction. Why there should be opposition to any reasonable method of cutting down representation, is something of a mystery. In our judgment the church is ready for a large reduction. Unfortunately the question is complicated with other questions. The relative power of the ministry and laity is involved. The movement to cut down the number of ministerial delegates and increase the number of lay delegates, meets with opposition. The preachers hesitate to accept the radical change of relative strength till some other things are settled.

They want the question of equality of numbers, and the right to vote by orders, finally determined before consenting to greatly reduced numbers on the ministerial side of the house. These matters being taken out of the list of uncertainties and satisfactorily adjusted, there will be little difficulty in getting the ministers to agree to a large cutting down of their numbers. The subject has some very delicate features, some nice questions of justice and equity, which call for patient study and mutual concession and accommodation. One can scarcely speak or write on what is necessary without seeming to be partisan, and yet such are the necessities that silence is as liable to be offensive or impolitic as is open and frank declaration. The issue is before the church.

It is evident that the relative position and power of the laity in the body must be determined in connection with any proposition to reduce the number of delegates, so as to prevent the Conference becoming overgrown and unwieldy. Some general principles may be suggested which will have decisive bearing. From the trend of thought in the church, gathered from many allusions and expressions in different sections, it is safe to assume that the relative power of the laity is not to be diminished. The lay delegates are to become equal in numbers to the ministerial delegates. We state this as a foregone conclusion, in the face of the fact that the ministers who have the power in the Annual Conferences have not yet conceded it by their votes. Their refusal to vote this concession is traceable to the complications with which the proposition has been encumbered, rather than to a desire to retain in their own hands the advantages which the larger numbers give them. Having voluntarily admitted laymen to the law-making body of the church, they may be counted upon as ready to give the necessary consent to entire equality whenever the question becomes a simple one, so that other interests which they deem sacred will not be put in jeopardy. When the two orders have equality in numbers, other advantages given the laity for the protection of the minority will be no longer important, and may well be given up.

When equality of numbers is secured, it is reasonable to predict that it will be by reducing the number of ministerial delegates more than by increasing the number of lay delegates. This is a vital point. If the lay side of the house should be enlarged, and the ministerial side not considerably diminished, the body would still be too large. Equalization and reduction must be effected together. This is unavoidable if the emergency confronting us be met. The self-sacrifice involved must, therefore, come on the ministerial side. Conferences that have been sending six and seven ministerial delegates will have to be content with sending two. This is a severe reduction of privilege, but it is coming to be inevitable. Of course it cuts off many chances, and will doom good and worthy men to deny themselves the privilege of participating in making "rules and regulations" for the church; but those thus kept out of the General Conference will have the comfort of finding themselves with the majority.

The question as to the efficiency, or rather the sufficiency, of so small a representation, is one not to be disregarded. Can two ministers and two laymen represent the largest Conference in the connection? If not, why not? There are many things to be looked after during the month the General Conference is in session. Many committees are to be met, and much work is to be done in sub-committees, so that delegates

who do their duty, be they many or few from each Conference, will have enough to tax brain and heart. Those who think of the position as affording pastime know little of the situation. The office of delegate means work — careful, tedious, persistent work, testing the endurance of the strongest men; and yet there is little doubt that the work can be systematized and distributed so that four men can do it nearly as well as eight. This is the thing to be tried. The smaller number meet the demand for the smaller Conferences, and they must do it, even when the smaller need as much representation and have as many points of interest requiring attention as the larger, which is not an unusual circumstance. It may therefore be justly inferred that the largest Conference will not suffer serious loss if it have only four representatives in the General Conference. Men in position to comprehend this matter as nearly as it can be comprehended, have expressed the conviction that four men of sound judgment and active energy can as efficiently represent the largest Conference as twice or thrice that number. Whether this putting be too strong or not, the necessity is soon to be upon the church to try substantially this experiment.

How to reach this reduction is the practical question. From the beginning we have worked on a sliding-scale basis, or ratio of numbers. There is no reason for altering this method of determining the representation, provided it can be so arranged or graded as to give equity of result and bring the size of the body to the proper dimensions. This will be increasingly difficult, especially when laymen become equal in numbers, who are not elected on any basis of numbers in the membership. In fixing a basis or ratio care should be taken to make it as simple and permanent as possible. It must be a part of the organic law, as should everything relating to the numbers and qualifications of members or delegates in the General Conference. In the sliding scale hitherto existing the maximum and minimum limits have been imbedded in the constitution, but the actual ratio has been determined by the General Conference alone, within the constitutional authorization. In other words, there has been a blank in the constitution, to be filled by the action of the Conference. Whether the General Conference can consistently exercise such power, when its majority vote shall not only determine, within the prescribed limits, what shall be the number of ministerial delegates but also the number of lay delegates, is an important question. It looks very much like affecting the composition of the body without the processes of the constitution. At least there is room for questioning here. We leave it simply as a question, but one of far-reaching significance.

We venture the suggestion of a practical scheme, which is not altogether original, but one which has been thought of and talked over in places which, if named, would command respect. It has the merit of simplicity and directness, although we suggest it tentatively, without committing ourselves or any one to the positive support of the plan. Let the Annual Conferences be divided into two classes, those having more than one hundred full members constituting one class, and those having not to exceed one hundred members the second class. Let all Conferences of the first class be represented in the General Conference by two ministerial and two lay delegates, and let all of the second class be entitled to one ministerial and one lay delegate each. A little figuring will show that this plan will give a General Conference of sufficient size, composed of representative men, selected as the choice of the Conferences under such conditions that combinations for election purposes will be next to impossible. As it is named tentatively, the actual form and detail are omitted. The principle is easily comprehended. The changes it suggests or implies are radical, but something radical is demanded. The reduction must be effected, and the equality of numbers in ministerial and lay delegates must be secured. Why not face the situation squarely, and strike directly for the end without ambiguity of method or principle?

One of the troubles with the sliding-scale plan is the difficulty of securing the reduction without giving to small and inexperienced Conferences too great a relative influence, while the loss of numbers comes from the great central Conferences which ought in equity to have preponderating power in the church. With a minimum limit for Annual Conferences, and the above plan of Conference representation, the evil suggested will not be augmented, but largely mitigated.

"A Moral Earthquake."

THERE is occasion for devout gratitude and great hope, that so discriminating a writer as Elizabeth Stuart Phelps accepts with confidence the recent declaration of a distinguished publisher that "a moral earthquake has recently happened in the world of letters." The statement had direct reference to the "tainted meat" — to use this author's characterization — which has been served to the public in the shape of novels. No trend of the age has been so significant and demoralizing as that "a story must nowadays be a little wicked to have the largest sale." Moreover, the way in which so many professedly Christian people have been infatuated with the salacious novel has been a most singular and alarming fact. Beguiled by the literary art of an author, parents have taken into the home and recommended to their children volumes that carried the most harmful suggestions and revelations of impurity, presenting to the imagination pictures of sin that would leave the soul weaker in the hour of real temptation. So great and general has been this infatuation for reading books of this sort, that the attempt to resist it has laid the objector open to the charge of prudery and Puritanic austerity. It is, therefore, particularly encouraging to be informed by one who speaks with authority that the "grave" of "decadent" writing is "ready," and also to read from her pen the optimistic prophecy that "moral goodness, in its very essence, is swifter and more able than evil, and, once given a fair start, will win the race." But our readers will thank us for the privilege of reading what she says upon so very important a subject. We quote from McClure's Magazine for September: —

"What is called decadent writing has tainted the air in the process of its dissolution long enough. It is not too much to believe that its grave is ready. Decadent genius or clearly tainted, too long accustomed to see its work out of the fashion, if not out of the markets, may take heart and believe that tainted meat is not the only food which the palate of our day demands. It has too long been a fact perfectly understood in 'the trade' that a story must nowadays be a little wicked to have the largest sale. I read last week the statement, made on what ought to be unimpeachable authority, that one firm of New York publishers has been in the habit of paying a reader ten thousand dollars a year for the express purpose of seeing to it that manuscripts accepted by that house should come just within — never, imprudently, just without — the line of legalized indecency; but that the proportion of foulness should be mixed as the early Arabians made their first experiments in coffee, 'as strong as they might suffer.'"

"A reputable publisher, fully in position to know whereof he speaks, told me, within a month, that a moral earthquake had recently happened in the world of letters. I replied that I had heard no roar and seen no cataclysm."

"The upheaval has been entirely silent," he answered; "it is not discussed. But it has absolutely occurred. Publishers and editors understand it perfectly. The day of bad books has gone by."

"If this be true — and what more likely? — we do not even need to pray, God speed the day! Moral goodness, in its very essence, is swifter and more able than evil, and, once given a fair start, will win the race. Whatever things are pure are dearer than the deadly or the doubtful to the English and American nature."

Another Eleventh Chapter of Hebrews.

PRIVILEGED recently to enjoy a ride of several hours on the cars with A. L. Dodge, of Somerville, a long-time pillar in the First Church, Union Square, that city, we asked him to tell us of his earlier years with Hanover St. Church, Boston. It was a chapter so thrillingly interesting and inspiring that we reproduce the suggestive outlines. A farmer's boy in Sharon, Vt., forty-two years ago, with little save his industry and honest purpose and a Christian's hope, he went to Boston to begin the making of his own life-record. Immediately he sought a Methodist Church in order to associate himself with those of kindred faith and purpose. That church proved fortunately to be historic Hanover St., then the spiritual furnace whose ardent heat melted and fused for service its entire membership. We have no undue reverence for the past, but we never hear the old members of Hanover St. tell of its early days, that we are not forced to the conclusion that it stood unrivaled in American Methodism for spiritual power and the trophies of grace. So faithful was our friend in seeking first the kingdom of God, that when only twenty-two years of age he was made a class-leader and teacher of a large class in the Sunday-school. He recalls with especial gratification that Hon. E. H. Dunn was the superintendent of the school, and our associate, Chaplain W. O. Holway, was a member of his week-night class. His first minister was Gershom F. Cox, of strong proslavery proclivities. Dr. J. H. Twombly was one of the most useful, all-rounded ministers. The sermons longest remembered were those of Rev. William C. High. For originality in treatment and for forcefulness in presentation, William C. High was a great preacher. Our friend could tell, thirty-six years afterwards, the texts of several sermons preached by him, with the leading points and illustrations. Fales H. Newhall was the most scholarly and brilliant, but he was called after a pastorate of only a few months to a professorship in Wesleyan University. F. H. Newhall, Gilbert Haven, G. M. Steele and W. C. High joined the New England Conference in the same class — godly men, but how the wit and repartee would flash and gleam when they were together! Much was said of Dr. J. A. M. Chapman and his eloquent sermons. Our narrator is no pessimist; he appreciates, loves and admires the Methodist ministers of this generation, but he is forced to the conclusion that the

older ministers were stronger in individual qualifications, in direct and forceful preaching, and in a representation of the church which made it powerful and convincing in the communities. Of the earlier generation, besides those mentioned, he instanced the names of Mallieu, Upham, Clark, Studley, Trafton, Hatch, Hascall, Peck, Collyer and Thayer.

Personals.

—Prof. and Mrs. C. F. Bradley, of Evanston, Ill., after a summer abroad, have returned to their home.

—Rev. J. H. Keeley, recently of Larimore, N. D., has reached his field of missionary labor at Rosario, Buenos Ayres.

—Rev. Stephen R. Beggs, the venerable superannuate, who preached the first evangelical sermon in Chicago, died last week.

—Prof. Olin A. and Mrs. Curtis rejoice in the birth of a daughter, at Edinburgh, Scotland, Aug. 30, who bears the name Mary Steele Curtis.

—Prof. Solon I. Bailey, of the Harvard Observatory at Arequipa, Peru, called at this office last week. He will remain in this country two months.

—There will be a service in memory of Mrs. Susan J. Steele, wife of Dr. G. M. Steele, at the Methodist Church in Auburndale, next Sunday evening, Sept. 22.

—Rev. C. D. Hills, D. D., of St. Paul's Church, Manchester, N. H., is to give the address at the eighty-third anniversary of the Vermont Bible Society, to be held at Northfield, Vt., Wednesday, Oct. 30.

—Rev. Dr. R. J. Bigham, pastor of Trinity Church, Atlanta, Ga., has been elected educational secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He succeeds Dr. W. W. Smith, president of Randolph-Macon College.

—The widow of the late Robert Louis Stevenson is at present residing in San Francisco. The son, a young man somewhat past twenty, is there for study. After a stay of eight months or a year, the family expect to return to Samoa.

—Rev. Joseph Dawson, of Northwest Indiana Conference, who is taking post-graduate studies in Boston University, is supplying the pulpit of Metropolitan Church, Washington, D. C., until the return of Dr. Johnston, who is now in Europe.

—The board of trustees of Boston University is again depleted in the decease of William A. Grover, Esq., of this city. He was a member of the Central Congregational Church, a successful business man, and a distinguished benefactor of all good causes.

—Dr. Sia Sek Ong of our Foochow Mission recently preached a series of sermons on the customs of China and the errors of many of them. In one he referred to the wearing of the cue, and advocated its abolishment, emphasizing his words by appearing in the pulpit with his cut off.

—Rev. James Wallis, the oldest Wesleyan minister in the English colonies, has died at Auckland. He had been in New Zealand since 1835, and did valuable pioneering work in the early days of the mission. He had great influence with the Maoris. A grandson of his is engaged in missionary work in Fiji.

—Many of our readers will read with pleasure the following note received from Rev. H. A. Clifford, written at Edinburgh under date of Sept. 3: "I preached in York and was kindly entertained, and am invited to preach in Belfast, Sept. 22, where I go to study Ireland and get material to write for your columns."

—Rev. Ismar J. Peritz, of New York Conference, and lately pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Mattapan, has been elected instructor in Assyrian and archaeology in Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y., and begins his duties Sept. 24. Mr. Peritz has done post-graduate work in the Semitic languages at Harvard University for the last three years.

—The Old Orchard Methodist Chapel was the scene of an interesting event on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 11, when Miss Mary E. McAllister, daughter of Rev. W. H. H. McAllister, was united in marriage with Rev. Charles A. Breck, pastor of the Congregational Church in Strong, Me., the father of the bride performing the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Walter Canham, of Old Orchard.

—Rev. Dr. O. A. Brown resumed his work, after a few weeks' vacation, with Foundry Church, Washington, D. C., by preaching a series of Sunday evening sermons bearing directly upon aggressive revival effort. The general subject is, "Anxiety about Salvation," divided into "Anxiety about Being Saved," "The Way to Be Saved," "Saved," and "The Joys of Being Saved."

—The Presbyterian of last week has an interesting account of Bishop Vincent's preaching, on Sunday, Sept. 1, in the Presbyterian Church at Warrior Run, Pa. We learn from the report:—

"The people came in buggies, carriages and on foot from Milton, Watertown, Mohawville, Dewart, Turberville, Montgomery and Williamsport. The day was beautiful, the roads were splendid, and nature was robed in attractive attire. . . . In his boyhood the Bishop taught school here, his parents residing at Chilesqueague. He was then only sixteen years old. The recollection of his father and sainted mother has endeared him to the people of this neighborhood. Among them many of his relations still reside, some attending the same old

church, and others at Watertown. The Bishop preached a fine sermon, taking as his text 2 Timothy 8: 17. This was followed by nearly half an hour of handshaking and mutual congratulations."

—Rev. S. L. Gracey, D. D., of Buffalo, in a personal note referring to Miss Mabel Hartford, says: "If ever any one was worthy of a grand reception, she certainly is at the hands of her sisters at home. She is a modest, unassuming, hard-working girl, and has done most excellent service, as we very well know from personal observation. I bespeak for her the best that kind hands and loving hearts can do."

—Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, the distinguished rector of Holy Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, died at his residence in that city last week, aged 75 years. Nearly a year ago he received a paralytic stroke from which he had greatly suffered and which caused his death. Between Dr. Hall and the late Henry Ward Beecher there was the most friendly relation. Dr. Hall was greatly beloved by the ministers of all denominations in Brooklyn.

—A pleasant event occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Kennedy, of Harrington, Me., on the evening of Thursday, Sept. 5, when their daughter, Arle W., was given in holy wedlock to Rev. Charles B. Morse, of Gott's Island, Me. Rev. James T. Moore, of Harrington, officiated. Mr. Morse is a graduate of East Maine Conference Seminary and a high school teacher. Miss Kennedy is a graduate of Millbridge High School and a student at Bucksport Seminary. They go to life's work with the warmest sympathy of a host of friends.

—At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Levi L. Tower at Mt. Ida, Newton, Sept. 11, Miss Edith Mabel Tower and Mr. Fred Elbert Kimball, of Burlington, Vt., son of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert B. Kimball of that city, were married. Rev. Dillon Bronson performed the ceremony. A reception followed. After a brief wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Kimball will reside at Burlington, Vt. Mr. Kimball is a graduate of Tufts, and is well known in business circles, being a partner in the wholesale grocery firm of Spaulding, Kimball & Co., of Burlington.

—The Northwestern Christian Advocate of last week says: "A very welcome visitor in Chicago last week was Prof. M. D. Buell, of Boston University School of Theology. Professor Buell's reputation secured for him a request from the British Wesleyan authorities to write for their theological hand-book series an introduction to the gospels. This work is now well under way, and will be, we are sure, a model of fine scholarship and rare insight. This tribute to Professor Buell's attainments is justly gratifying to a wide circle of friends, to his University, and to the church."

—Rev. Dr. Samuel Wakefield died at West Newton, Pa., Sept. 13, aged 93 years. He had been a member of the Masonic fraternity for almost seventy-five years. His career as a Methodist minister is part of the history of western Pennsylvania. He preached occasionally in later years, and had fairly good health until recently, when he was broken somewhat by the death of his wife. His grandmother, Mary Wade, was a preacher, having been ordained in the ministry by John Calvert. He was ordained in 1817, and published several books on theology and music when he was comparatively young, which made him widely known. His principal theological work, "Wakefield's Theology," has become a classic.

Brieflets.

Particular attention is called to the Publisher's Announcement upon page 16.

Mr. Charles R. Magee, manager of the Boston Depository, with characteristic enterprise, is distributing gratis among the ministers a very neat "Chauteauque Vesper Service," with the request that it be used in connection with a sermon on the Chauteauque movement.

Rev. Dr. E. C. Bass has earned the right to speak with authority, as he does from successful experience, upon "Church Debts." His contribution upon the third page was written at the editor's request, and is an urgent message to the churches.

On account of the rapidity with which the HERALD is printed, folded and mailed, it often happens that an imperfect copy may be sent to a subscriber, or through failure of the mails the paper may occasionally not be received. In all such cases the publisher will be gratified if the subscriber will promptly send postal advising him of the fact, and another copy will be forwarded at once.

We have not published for many a day a more interesting and instructive contribution than that upon the second page, entitled, "Impressions of Peru." The author writes from personal knowledge and is perfectly reliable.

We are gratified to announce, through the courtesy of Prof. Coit, that Boston University Observatory will be open to friends of the University during the college year upon the following evenings: The fourth Monday of each month save December, from September to March inclusive; and the third Monday in April and May.

Shall not every congregation in our patronizing Conferences be advised at once, comprehensively and urgently, of the "Special Offer" which makes it possible to secure ZION'S HERALD for fifteen months for the price of one year's subscription?

Dr. Lyman Abbott states, as the result of his recent visit to England, that the Church of England is growing more and more ritualistic and more and more exclusive.

The fiftieth anniversary of the New England Historic Genealogical Society was commemorated on the 19th of April last, in the Old South Meeting House in this city. A full report of the exercises of this interesting occasion has reached us in the shape of a handsome pamphlet, containing the oration by Hon. C. C. Coffin, and addresses by the president of the Society, ex-Gov. William Claflin, Senator Hoar and Curtis Guild, Esq.

Will not every reader make it a matter of personal privilege and pleasure to acquaint those who are not now subscribers to ZION'S HERALD with the fact that the paper can be obtained from the present time until Jan. 1, 1897, for the price of one year's subscription?

An esteemed friend sends the following incident for publication, which he characterizes as "worthy of imitation." A Baptist lady who is spending a few weeks in one of our New England villages, writes to her brother: "I went to a grand Methodist prayer-meeting last Sunday evening, and enjoyed it very much. The good people, including the minister, came to me after meeting, giving me an exceedingly cordial welcome and expressing gratitude that I came."

A group of church people were one evening discussing the merits of a former pastor, the weight of criticism being on the unfavorable side. At last one of the number remarked: "Well, I don't think he was much of a preacher anyway. I never could get interested in his sermons;" and, appealing to an aged official brother who was present and from whom she expected a sympathetic answer, was immediately silenced by his reply as follows: "Well, Sister —, the poorest preacher that I ever heard could preach so much better than I can live, that I never feel like criticizing a minister."

It is difficult for us to take seriously the suggestion of the *Epworth Herald* that a new magazine be published by the church more especially adapted to young people. We are opposed to the proposition for many reasons. There is no general demand in the church for a new magazine, and its publication would involve the Book Concern in great loss. With so many first-class magazines of the highest order now offered to the public at very low rates, there is no good reason to suppose that a new one would succeed, especially in the hands of a novice. The history of the *Ladies' Repository* is a monumental lesson of warning to the church in this matter. Moreover, we are emphatically opposed to the establishment of new publications which would add to the list of officers to be elected by the General Conference. In fact, there is no good and sufficient reason to warrant the approval of such an enterprise. Cannot Dr. Berry suggest something more practical?

We are very glad to announce that the first bequest to the Boston City Missionary and Church Extension Society has been paid into the treasury, the amount being \$725, which was left by Miss Maria Stetson, formerly of Brunswick, Maine, but lately of Kingston, Mass. Miss Stetson lived to a ripe old age. She was much interested in the success of Methodism, and, having read in ZION'S HERALD of the work that was being done by the Bureau of Missions, left the money for this organization; and, as this society has been merged into the Boston City Missionary and Church Extension Society, her brother, Mr. Josiah Stetson, who is the administrator of her estate, felt satisfied that the bequest should be paid to the latter society. Although no instructions were given regarding the money, it will be permanently invested and called the Maria Stetson Fund, the interest from the same to be used for the expense of the work. Knowing that many of our readers are interested in this worthy organization, we take this opportunity to urge upon them to remember it in their wills, and thus perpetuate the good results so apparent to all who are in touch with the work.

If Rev. Andrew Murray, whom Mr. Moody brought to Northfield from South Africa to deliver addresses upon the "Deepening of the Spiritual Life," and who has since been speaking upon the same subject in Chicago and New York, used in his farewell address in the latter city the language attributed to him by the *New York Tribune*, then our confidence in his general good judgment is greatly shaken. He is reported to have said: "My friends, for fifty years, from my boyhood, I have been a friend—a feeble friend, maybe—but a friend of missions. Yet I say to you there is a greater work to be done among the churches in Christian lands than among the heathen." That declaration is unreasonable, exaggerated and unjust; it is unjust to Christian lands. Who believes, for a moment, that there is greater necessity for Christian work among the churches than among the heathen? If that were true, then work should cease among the heathen and be concentrated upon the churches. The "croakers" against foreign missions in our churches will be the first to echo, with much conceit, Mr. Murray's ill-advised utterance. Is it not possible for those who devote their services to the deepening of the spiritual life of the churches to maintain a comprehensive and well-balanced outlook upon the full mission and office of Christianity?

Rev. Wm. H. Butler, of Hall, is suggestive and encouraging:—

"Referring to the editorial on 'The Reaction to Faith' in your last issue, the drift of scientific thought is even more significant than is therein indicated. We are evidently returning not to God, but to God in Christ. Science has opened out to us a different world by showing as never before the things of life just as they are; and, if I mistake not, the alternative will not be between Impersonal Energy and a Personal God, but between blind, unconscious, unfeeling Force and a God who carries a cross in the midst of the throbbing, suffering world. He has made—a cross already dimly radiant with the promise and potency of an all-inclusive, perfected and eternal life. The incarnation is becoming luminous. Christ is taking His seat on the throne of science to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace."

THE GOSPEL OF THE DOOR-BELL.

I HAVE had a genuine pastoral call. This may seem a strange statement for one who has been a member of the church for a quarter of a century, but it is a fact that recently I received my first pastoral visit. Now I do not blame my pastors for this. In fact, like so many of the men in the congregation, I have not given them a chance to call on me. Perhaps no home in the parish has been more regularly visited than mine, but I am never there when the minister calls. It probably would have gone on in this way had it not been for sickness. There were many calls during my illness, but the one which stands conspicuous among them all was from a minister of the Gospel. What a comfort it is to feel that you are under the pastoral care of a good man! I wish I could give a description of this visit so that younger ministers who are forming their ministerial habits could be influenced by such methods and spirit. But I am at a loss to even describe it to myself. It was not so much what he said as the influence and spirit of the man himself. He came in so quietly that I hardly knew he was in the room until I had opened my eyes. He did not stay more than ten minutes, but an angel could not have made a more helpful impression in the same length of time. He did not joke or try to cheer me by his wit or drollery. He seemed to understand that I needed spiritual help, and in refined and practical words he led my thoughts to high and holy things. I was not strong enough to talk much, and after getting me to say sufficient to relieve any embarrassment which I might feel, he dropped on his knees and was talking with the same simple and direct earnest to the Lord our God. He commended the sick man and his work and his family to the care of the Covenant-keeper, and with a warm "God bless you" went quietly out. It was my sickness day, but that call was better than medicine. In my weakness I lay with my eyes closed, but I overheard the nurse whisper to my wife, "That minister has common sense as well as religion." The remark meant a good deal from that source, for the nurse said I was not strong enough to have a pastoral call, and had not my wife insisted, would not have admitted the minister. Now I just long to hear that man preach. Just here I ought to make a confession. I had regarded him as only an ordinary man, but I can understand now why his preaching is so much enjoyed by some members of his congregation. Henceforth he will have a most appreciative listener, and if he does not stay five years it will not be the fault of one of his official members.

I wonder that more of our ministers are not ambitious to be successful pastors. People are reached by the door-bell who can sleep under the best preaching, and many are saved by house-to-house visitation who would never be brought under conviction by the most earnest and eloquent appeals from the pulpit. Ordinary men can do wonders on this line if they only set themselves at it. I am not referring to pastoral mathematics. I once knew a minister who used to make a quarterly statement from the pulpit of the number of calls he had made during the three months. It always caused a smile and a sensation because the number often taxed the credulity of the congregation. According to his statement he must have made between two and three thousand a year, but I have heard more than one say that he was one of the poorest pastors that church ever had. One of his stewards called him "a professional bell-ringer," for he had a way of leaving his card and ringing the bell so that it was seldom heard. When questioned as to the time of his call he often answered, "I guess you must have been asleep." "Yes," answered one of his parishioners, "we retire at ten and sleep until six. Hereafter, pastor, please call in the day time."

What a difference there is in pastors! One comes to you in a sort of motherly way, puts you on the shoulder, and says, "Yes, yes, yes," to all your statements. Such a pastor is especially beloved by the real old ladies of the flock. Another gives you the impression that he is calling because he feels that he must. He really would rather not call, and to tell the truth you would rather he wouldn't. But here is a minister who enters so heartily into your life with all its hurry and perplexity that he seems the Saviour's messenger to you. You count on his visits and are inspired by them. One such call is worth more than a pastorate of perfunctory work. He is a shepherd to you and your family, and he has only to lead, and you and yours gladly follow. He preaches with efficiency not so much because of peculiar eloquence or wonderful tact, but largely because he understands the blessed gospel of the door-bell.

ORIN BLAKE.

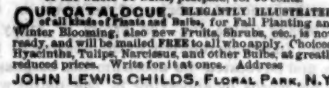
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RUNNING NOTES.

III.

A HUNTER.

THE transition from the active business life of the West and South to the quiet hills of Vermont is not a specially abrupt one in these days of lightning expresses, but the change of scene is one of marked contrast. One finds a general similarity in most cities, but the urban attractions pale before the rural beauty of such charmingly located communities as that of

Montpelier.

the capital city of the Green Mountain State. Few strangers coming upon it for the first time would realize that it is a community of barely five thousand souls. It has such an air of grandeur, dropped down among towering hills which engirt it so closely as to prevent its growth in either direction. As one climbs these long hills and from their summits sees other hills wandering off into illimitable distance, notes the domelike eminences ranged about, the broad, handsome, tree-lined streets, its comfortable, spacious and elegant dwellings, its massive, cathedral-like Congregational church, its exquisite Episcopal church of cut stone, and the other generous church edifices, and indeed takes in the generally substantial character of its buildings and the Capitol with spacious grounds and broad esplanades, the great beauty and attractiveness of the place come more and more forcibly to him. It is, indeed, a jewel of a city, with just a touch of urban importance, but subordinated to the rural, picturesque and fascinating setting with which nature and art have adorned it.

On the summit of one of the longest and highest hills, dominating the city (as it should), I found Montpelier Seminary, a substantial brick building with generous campus and plain but comfortable wooden dormitories. I was glad to learn that, owing to the skillful financial management of ex-Gov. Dillingham, Mr. Thomas Marvin and others, the institution was getting on to a good financial basis. There are nearly two hundred students, and Dr. E. M. Smith seems thoroughly adapted to his work. It was pleasant to hear the testimony of the students themselves that the Doctor had a peculiarly apt and happy way of settling all differences without "stroking the fur the wrong way." The students who come here are in dead earnest for an education, as the very general arrangements for boarding themselves testify.

Sunday morning found me in the Methodist church, Rev. A. H. Webb, pastor. There was an airy spaciousness in the auditorium which made me forget the plain exterior. A generous choir gave good music, albeit a little too disconnected from the people. Might a stranger suggest a closer co-operation of choir and congregation, the latter now seemingly altogether too unresponsive? I was struck in the morning congregation with the large number of gray heads. The sermon was a clear, strong utterance, admirably phrased, and I learned later that the pastor's ministrations find a hearty acceptance among his people. I learned accidentally that the Sunday-school followed the morning service, and a young man intercepted me just as I was about to leave the church—the single indication of the recognition of a stranger, and, as it was said afterward, a recent but a decidedly wise innovation in the customs of the church.

Finding myself at

Barre,

I was glad to witness the rapid growth of the place since I last visited it five years ago. Business blocks, numerous dwellings, a large, handsome and substantial brick high school and several churches have been added to the city. Its granite industry is the backbone of the successful growth of Barre, and there is every indication that another decade will see still greater advancement. A new Baptist church now finished in wood is later to have a veneering of granite blocks which will give it quite a metropolitan air. Until then the most elegant and commanding church edifice is that of the Methodists. Rev. W. B. Davenport is pastor. The structure is of brick, of peculiarly graceful design, finished within in quartered oak, with every modern improvement. It was built by the day, and every detail of the structure passed constantly, as it should, immediately under the eye of one of the official brethren, an expert in such matters. The result is a gem of a building secured at a moderate price. I was informed that every department of church work is kept in

first-class running order, while the pastor is coming to have quite a reputation for church building. And this reminds me that through his instrumentality the very pretty church at Waterbury was constructed.

Waterbury

itself is a quiet and beautiful town, the home of ex-Gov. Dillingham. It has an air of thrift and comeliness that is pleasant to behold. It is refreshing while walking up the principal street of a town to be told that the handsomest church in modern style of architecture and in the best location is the Methodist—an experience not common in New England, though it is true of this town. There are here, rimming the town in the distance, the same everlasting hills so pleasant to greet, and the same beautiful streets with heavy-foliated trees on either side, and that air of comfort and ease which one so likes to meet. In these best towns, too, there is the preponderance of the pure American element which, even if flavored with Yankee dialect sometimes, is always welcome.

It was my privilege to drive over the country about Northfield and Roxbury, a region of mountain roads, but one of exceeding beauty and interest. To one familiar with the scenery of Vermont it is needless to rhapsodize; and to one who has never seen it all, description is feeble. One drives at times for a full half-hour or more steadily ascending, then a slight descent, then more climbing, and, resting for a moment on some slight plateau, he looks down a long "gulf" stretching away in soft undulations, with rows of sentinel-like spruces intervening, the exquisite curves of varying bush and tree interlacing to the vision until in the dim distance, framed in this verdurous setting, the church spire of some village points to heaven. The gushing brook, the flowing river, the sombre forest, and sight and sound of birds lend additional charm and add a fitting accompaniment to the scene.

One could hardly imagine a more fitting or a more satisfying way to commune with nature than to spend a few weeks taking the infinite variety of drives over these beautiful hills.

MY YEARS IN NEW ENGLAND.

Rev. H. W. Houghton.

I ENTERED the Providence Conference in 1844 (prematurely, as I thought), although I was full thirty years old. I had been a student at the Newbury Biblical Institute, where I expected to remain two years longer, but was induced by the faculty to visit the General Conference in New York in May, 1844, to circulate a periodical published by Prof. Willett, which, it was thought, might be of service to Methodism in general and to the Institute in particular.

On my return to Newbury, Prof. Baker invited me to his study and questioned me concerning the Conference. Casually I remarked: "The New Hampshire Conference was divided the day before I left." The Bishop that was soon to be, replied: "I expected a division, but thought it would be deferred four years." Quite a pause ensued. I looked up and the tears were fast chasing each other down his manly face. He said: "You may wonder at my apparent weakness, but that action of the General Conference will remove me from this institution at once. I shall take work in my Conference next month. The Institute will be removed to some more central place where it can be better sustained." He asked secrecy on my part until he could, with propriety, make his intention public.

In that interview he advised me to take work in an Annual Conference at once. I hesitated, but ultimately yielded to his judgment. He wrote to Frederick Upham, then and long a strong pillar in New England Methodism, in my behalf, who replied: "If the brother you recommend would be desirable in the New Hampshire Conference, we want him."

At an adjourned quarterly conference I was recommended to the New Hampshire Conference. Benjamin R. Hoyt signed the document as presiding elder. The paper was sent to Bro. Upham. In due time I was installed as pastor at Yarmouthport, which is the inside of the elbow of the centre of Cape Cod. I will only add that the appointment was all I desired and more than I deserved. So I felt.

I served, as best I knew, thirteen years in the Providence Conference, including Cumberland, East Greenwich, Wareham, Fairhaven, Sandwich, and East Weymouth. In 1857, reluctantly, but in obedience to what I felt to be absolute duty, I located in April, and in August was accepted as a member of the Upper Iowa Conference at the second session of that body. Here I served thirteen consecutive years in active, laborious service, enjoying the luxuries of an invigorating climate and the wholesome hospitality which the cabins of a newly developing country afforded. Now, when we contrast remembered Iowa as it was with Iowa as it is, we devoutly thank God that the pioneers did not labor in vain or spend their strength for naught.

But let no one imagine that I can forget, or cease to love, New England. There I was born and learned the rudiments of Christianity from my mother's lips before I knew the alphabet. There, when I was a little child, Wilbur Fisk impressed me that I must have a Christlike spirit or be lost. He often called at our home. He seemed to me more than human. A brother of mine who, early in life, was much noted as an editor in western Vermont, and who later exerted a wide influence as an editor in the Northwest, used to say that whenever he thought of the humanity of Jesus, the image of Dr. Fisk was in his thought.

My eldest brother was a member of the New England Conference, serving a circuit in Vermont when Dr. Fisk was about to leave for Wilburham to inaugurate and superintend the prospective Academy. People and preachers were loth to part with him. My brother inquired why some educated layman could not take charge of the Academy and leave Dr. Fisk upon the district. The elder's reply was, after a brief pause: "The fact is, we have not many educated men; if we had, no man would call me educated." Verily, there were giants in those early days whose only motive was to glorify God and follow a crucified Redeemer.

It gratifies me to learn that my departed friend, Frederick Upham, lives and preaches in his son and grandsons. When the only son was an Academy student, my wife that was on earth but now in heaven, asked the father what he was trying to make of "Sammy," as he familiarly called him. He replied: "I don't know. That is a matter to be determined by a competent jury. When they get through with him at the Academy, I intend to have unbiased, well-qualified men examine him, and if they decide that he has common sense, I will send him to college; but if their verdict is that he is deficient, I won't; for I think that an educated fool is the worst fool of all." Frederick Upham's common sense never failed him.

Wait Four Years.

WHY be in haste for the removal of the time limit? The work of very few pastors is touched by it. Perhaps one in twenty-five reaches the full term of five years; all the rest are moved by the force of circumstances. Certainly a rule which bears upon comparatively so few can stand another quadrennium without doing much harm, or good, either.

For one, we would like to witness a popular vote upon the issue. Let two ballots be prepared, one of which shall read, "Shall the time limit be restored to two (or three) years?" and the other, "Shall the time limit be removed?" Let the people cast their ballots first; then let the Conference vote. As Methodists we are not doing half enough voting. The voice of our people should be heard upon all questions of moment before radical changes are made. It was our belief that the extension of the limit from three to five years, in 1868, was premature action. The question should first have been submitted to the laity and to the ministry, not because the constitution required it, but because they are the parties most concerned. Give them an opportunity to be heard. A popular vote creates discussion and deliberation, both of which are beneficial. Go slow. Be sure you are right. The General Conference next year should do no more with the time limit than simply to submit the whole issue to our churches and pastors for an expression of judgment. Other questions ripe for action merit the chief attention of that body.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

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THE CONFERENCES.

(Continued from Page 5.)

church quickened. God only knows the result of the faithful work done on the Willimantic camp-ground this year. S.

Vermont Conference.

St. Albans District.

Swanton. — Rev. W. S. Smithers, of Hardwick, gave the first lecture for the benefit of the Epworth League. Descriptions of places of interest in the South was his subject. Mr. Smithers is a very interesting speaker. Rev. H. Webster and family, who have been in camp at Highgate Springs since July, returned to Swanton last week. Rev. Mr. Reynolds, a former pastor, has been in town for a short season.

St. Albans. — We were agreeably surprised to meet Rev. N. M. Learned, now of Hartford, Conn., where he has been over three years in the insurance business. He supplies largely for other preachers in their absence from work, and so keeps accustomed to the preacher's armor. Miss Woodbury, evangelist, held a meeting here Monday evening, Sept. 8. Rev. Dr. Nutter and wife have gone on a short vacation. They expected to reach Louisville in time for the S. A. R. parade, and then go on to the Exposition at Atlanta. They will visit Nashville, Chattanooga, and other Southern cities.

Waterville. — Thirty-six persons joined the M. E. Church in full membership last Sunday.

Enosburgh Falls. — Rev. Mr. Shattuck, of Boston University, preached at the church on Sunday. The paragon is receiving a galvanized roof, which, with internal improvements just completed, enhances the value of the property considerably.

Alburgh. — The Holiness Association closed their camp-meeting at the Centre, Sept. 8. There was a large attendance at all the meetings. Miss Woodbury and Rev. E. E. Reynolds assisted. He preached a very able sermon on Sabbath morning.

Richford. — The sixth annual convention of St. Albans District Epworth League was a very pleasant meeting. Methods of Bible study were finely considered by D. A. Elliot, of St. Albans. Miss B. Blake, of Milton, and O. B. Wells, of Bakersfield. Rev. L. O. Sherburne gave a Bible reading. The Junior League sang, "Open the Door for the Children." Rev. D. C. Sanderson, of Montpelier, spoke on "A Religion Perfect and Universal." The address betrayed deep thought. Excellent reports were read from the different chapters. "The Claims of the Epworth Herald," by Miss Anna Chaplain, and "How can a League Help the Pastor?" by Mr. C. A. Coburn, were presented in able papers. Junior work was illustrated on the blackboard by Mrs. E. J. Parmelee. J. A. Elrick, of East Franklin, read a paper, "Is the Epworth League Adapted to Small Communities?" and Mrs. A. R. Campbell, of Morrisville, one on "League Work among the Poor, Aged and Sick." Discussions followed. The church was tastefully decorated. The convention separated to "Look Up and Lift Up." D.

New Hampshire Conference.

Dover District.

Hedding Camp-meeting had to contend with many adverse influences this year, but Providence favored us with fine weather. Many people came. All our workers were in the spirit and good results were secured. A good number of souls said they found Christ as a pardoning Saviour, and others entered into the second rest. Dr. Leonard was an excellent helper; we hope to see him again. The love-feast, conducted by Rev. M. T. Cilley, was a good session, in which nearly one hundred and fifty persons took an active and joyous part, while ringing songs of salvation bore glad testimony to the Spirit's presence.

East Candia is delighted that Rev. C. E. Hall is able to give them a Sunday service every week; and he, though, as he says, in a very unsatisfactory state of health, rejoices in "being able to do something" for this harmonious and appreciative people. Seven have lately been received from probation.

Raymond people think they have a good minister, and will, it is hoped, join so heartily with him and his family that they may see the Divine glory in the salvation of many souls.

Greenland has a good working force, and when the latent spiritual strength of this society is aroused and mobilized, this will be one of the most desirable appointments on account of proficiency in the Master's service. Faithful pastoral work and pulpit proficiency are making the busy pastor now in the field a factor in the long-desired result. Sunday-school Superintendent Marston pushes the work with vim and intelligence, expecting the Divine blessing on honest work.

Moultonville and North Wakefield are fortunate in the service of a sensible pastor who has salvation, knows it, and does his best to induce others to accept this same Jesus as Saviour.

Dover's pastor returned from his vacation in season to receive a pleasant welcome from church and Sunday-school, but bringing with him as a close companion a carbuncular occasion for Dr. Lathrop's knife, which sharp visitation bids fair to make early escape possible from this too intimate association with Job's comforters.

Newmarket's pastor being absent on a tour of camp-meeting evangelism through the Coos country, the church was closed Sept. 8, allowing the people an opportunity to hear neighboring pastors.

Pastor Smith, of Auburn and Chester, has returned from his month's vacation in greatly improved health and resumed his work with his usual courage and proficiency.

Centerville, Lowell, has a pastor who understands the necessity for diligence in hand-to-hand work, and who has a heart to it. He is earnestly looking to see the spreading glory of Immanuel's name possess the many unchurched people within his borders, and having for this work found a helpmate for him, he will all expectantly pray that his hopes may be realized in the near future by the gathering of many souls now in the valley of decision.

St. Paul's Church, Lawrence, is pushing along toward the completion of its church building, and meantime is doing its best to build up the church of Jesus Christ in the earth. The Boys' Brigade recently took a country outing, accompanied by the pastor, who knows how to live among the boys in a helpful way and win them for the Master. Camping, fishing, hunting and mountain climbing did not injure their appetite for the Word of God nor disposition to His work on the Sabbath, and their Christian manliness left a good impression on the community visited by them. Sanbornville and Brookfield will welcome their return another year. G. W. N.

Maine Conference.

Rev. A. W. Pottle, of Westbrook, Maine, is available for pulp supply or to assist in revival work.

Lewiston District.

Fryeburg Chautauqua Assembly, under the presidency of Rev. Geo. D. Lindsay, held its session, July 23-Aug. 10.

It was in every way a grand success. Rev. W. H. Barber had charge of the Sunday-school Normal work, and Prof. Frederick E. Chapman, of Cambridge, Mass., was at the head of the Musical department. The Professor has a well-trained orchestra connected with the Cambridge High School, and during the last four days of the Assembly he had twelve of them at Fryeburg. They had a delightful time themselves, and gave great pleasure to the Assembly by their well-rendered selections. In addition to much music furnished on all needed occasions, the orchestra, assisted by Miss Austin as soprano soloist and Miss Smith and Miss Walker as readers and a large chorus choir, gave two excellent concerts. A delightful concert was given by the Boston Ideal Quartet—consisting of the Messrs. Tarbox and Rice, vocalists, Miss Chamberlain as whistling soloist, Miss McGreggor as pianist, and J. Edmund V. Cooke, of Cleveland, O., as reader.

Miss Anna Barrows, of Boston, presided over the Household Science department with her usual dignity and efficiency.

P. F. Field, M. D., of Boston, introduced his methods of Voice Culture, Oratory and Expression to a much interested and profited class. Each year new things are ventured upon, with the desire to meet the needs of all comers, so at this session, in addition to Dr. Field's class, we had Miss Susie J. Mantle conduct a daily class in Zoology and Miss Cloudman gathered the little children around her and delighted the parents by her quiet, gentle and eminently successful methods of Kindergarten work.

Miss Treadwell, for the second season, carried on her work of Physical Culture in its various lines with excellent success.

The class in Botany was this season in care of Miss Annie L. Richardson, of Mount Holyoke College, and she did her work well.

For a number of years E. H. Forbes, Ph. D., of Torrington, Conn., has conducted very successfully a class in Mineralogy. This term he extended the scope of his work, giving lessons in determinative mineralogy and making an unexpected success in the new department.

Last year, for the first time, a tentative effort was made in the teaching of Parliamentary Law. During the progress of the Assembly the mother of Mrs. E. B. Osgood, our efficient instructor, died, and the disappointed class was demoralized. This year Mrs. Osgood was able without any interruption to give her best services to her pupils, and the result was both pleasing to the management and profitable to the large class.

Our lecturers and entertainers never did better work. The program arranged months before was carried through without a break. Rolio Kirk Bryan, of Chicago, gave us several chair-talks in a most captivating style. No mistake will be made by any church or organization who may engage Mr. Bryan. He is a worthy Christian man and a workman who needeth not to be ashamed. As he talks the pictures grow, and the outcome is a delightful surprise to his audience. Rev. Erastus Blakeslee pleasantly explained the new lesson system which is the outgrowth of his fertile brain. The High St. Male Quartet, of Auburn, gave us a grand concert and fairly captured the grounds during their all too brief stay. J. Edmund V. Cooke, of Cleveland, O., gave three of his unique entertainments. Prof. La Roy F. Griffin gave two instructive lectures on "Atmospheric Electricity" and "Magnetism and the Dynamo." Rev. J. L. Jenkins, D. D., pastor of State St. Congregational Church, Portland, gave a magnificent lecture on "Expression, and Some of Its Modes." F. R. Roberson, the great travel-trusted lecturer and author, gave us three highly illustrated lectures which met the high expectations of his auditors. Col. Homer B. Sprague, Shakespeare's great interpreter, held his audience spell-bound while he discoursed on the great dramatist's "Credle and School Satchel" and "Matchlock and Sword." Miss Adelaide Westcott, of New York, gave us her "New York by Chas. Barnard," and other selections of (to us) much more merit. She has rare powers in imitating character.

On W. C. T. U. day, under our State superintendent, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, we had introduced to us some fine speakers—Mrs. Rice of Massachusetts, Mrs. Hammer of New Jersey, and Miss Leavitt of Portland.

Grange day was in charge of Hon. B. W. McKen, secretary of the State Board of Ag-

riculture. Rev. Dr. Chase, president of Bates College, and Dr. A. W. Harris, president of the Maine State College, were present, and both delivered admirable addresses.

The Recognition day address was given by Rev. J. O. Wilson, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., pastor of Simpson St. B. Church. Nothing superior to it was ever given at Fryeburg, and this is saying a good deal, for Dr. E. E. Hale, one of the counselors of the Chautauqua course, and Bishop Vincent, father of the C. L. S. C. work, have acted in the same capacity here.

This beautiful spot never was more beautiful than this year. Never were the patrons more enthusiastic, and never were the future prospects as bright. G. D. L.

East Maine Conference.

Rockland District.

The district camp-meeting at Nobleboro, Aug. 19-24, was one of the best ever held on the ground. Some twenty conversions crowned the work of the week. With a few more society cottages, a good work may be accomplished every year. "Why not build this fall?" is the common and reasonable question. Plans are already made for the meeting next year. It is purpose to open with the annual League convention, which was a grand success this year, and to hold an anniversary of the opening of the grounds later in the week. A great time is expected.

Friendship. — Sept. 1, Rev. J. B. Baker baptized 3 candidates and preached twice to large congregations. His services were much appreciated. The pastor, Rev. H. R. Merithew, is very popular.

South Waldoboro. — A deepening interest is manifest here. Numerous improvements have been made on the property.

Cushing. — Matters are moving pleasantly, and the pastor is hopeful.

Rockport. — Two lawn festivals recently held were very enjoyable occasions and successful financially. One was on the grounds of A. J. Morton, and the other at Dr. S. Y. Weidman's. The pastor is now enjoying a vacation.

Southport. — The pastor's claim is paid to date. A good interest pervades the charge. The last hundred dollars of debt on the parsonage is soon to be paid.

Spruce Head. — Thirty-four conversions, in the pastor's report. He has been assisted by Evangelists Jones and Allen, Rev. D. B. Phelps, and a school friend. The meetings began at South Thomaston, Sept. 11, with indications that promise success. May God speed the work!

Rockland. — Recently 7 were received to full membership. General prosperity characterizes the work.

Orf's Corner. — Work on the church is being pushed rapidly forward, and they hope to complete it before cold weather.

Special revival services are being held on a number of charges. A golden opportunity as to time of year! Brethren, shall we not have a thousand souls for Jesus? Jones and Allen will spend most of the season on the district. O.

New England Conference.

Boston Preachers' Meeting resumed its sessions, with Rev. C. L. Goodell in the chair. "The Relation of the Epworth League to the United Society of Christian Endeavor" was discussed in a frank but fraternal spirit by Revs. J. D. Pickles and W. I. Haven, and it was voted to continue the subject at a future meeting. Next Monday Rev. L. T. Townsend, D. D., will address the meeting on "Enterprise among Apostles and Missing Links"—a new phase of evolution.

Boston South District.

Boston, People's Temple. — Dr. Brady resumed services at the Temple last Sunday, preaching to large audiences. He was in characteristic vigor and strength, save the injured arm which was carried in a sling.

Boston, First Church. — The fall work is opening very encouragingly. Requests for prayer have been made each Sunday since vacation. Sept. 29 is to be observed as "Old Folks and Rally Sunday." Next Sunday, Dr. L. T. Townsend, D. D., of Baltimore, will occupy the pulpit all day in exchange with the pastor, Rev. C. L. Goodell.

South Boston, St. John's Church. — Last Sunday morning the interests of the Boston City Missionary and Church Extension Society were presented by the president, Mr. Everett O. Fisk, and by Miss Harriette J. Cooke. In the course of his speech Mr. Fisk gave the following interesting statistics: "We have established fine churches at Crescent Beach, Atlantic and Jamaica Plain, and all these are in a flourishing state. They all have large congregations and the Sunday-schools are very large and are ever growing. Then there are chapels at Orient Heights, East Boston, Chelsea, and many other places, all of which have been started by the Society through the small contributions resources. Through the funds derived from these sources, the Society is now very nearly self-supporting. We get along with about \$10,000 a year. But we should have \$30,000 or \$40,000 carried on; and we should also have \$40,000 in the North End building fund in order to erect suitable buildings in the district, which are sorely needed."

Mattapan. — This church is about to undertake the great work of extensive renovation. The church edifice will be greatly enlarged and beautified. The pastor, Rev. W. A. Mayo, is both an organizer and winner of victory.

Roslindale, Bethany Church. — Through the generosity of his appreciative people the pastor, Rev. C. E. Chandler, and family are spending the month of September at Old Orchard, Maine. Mrs. Chandler's condition of health necessitates this change.

Warren St., Roxbury. — The Warren Street Church, Roxbury, will have their annual Old Folks' day next Sunday, Sept. 22. At 9.30 there will be a love-feast, followed by preaching service at 10.30. The sermon will be especially to old people, for whom the Epworth League will provide carriage upon application. The Sunday-school will have a rally at 12 o'clock. Mr. Bert. Poole, the Boston Herald artist, will give a chalk talk. There will also be cornet solos at that service. The Epworth League meeting at 6.30 will be led by the pastor. At present members. The congregation will be addressed by Rev. W. T. Worth, of Lynn, a former pastor. All former members of the

(Continued on Page 11.)

Nearly every one needs a good tonic at this season. Scott's Emulsion is the one true tonic and blood purifier.

YOU LACK STRENGTH.

Weak Nerves, Tired, Exhausted Bodies.

The Complaint of Thousands Upon Thousands.

Health and Strength are Within Your Grasp.

Dr. Greene's Nervura Makes You Strong and Well.

It is the Great Restorative of Nerve and Body.

The world is filled with people who, while not exactly sick, yet lack strength. They are weak, tired, languid and nervous, especially at this season of the year, and have lost their old-time vigor and energy, and go about their work in a listless manner, without ambition, and feeling dull and dispirited.

In this connection we publish the cure of Mrs. B. B. Graves, of Middlefield, Mass., in the lady's own words:—

"I have been sick for two years, and have been a great sufferer during all that time. I was fearfully nervous, and could get but little sleep. I was constantly worrying about something. My head ached nearly all the time so that I could hardly endure it. My stomach was in a terrible condition, and I could eat but very little. I suffered awfully from the little food I did eat. "I was frightfully weak and exhausted all the time, and could do almost no work at all. I was troubled with rheumatism. I was in a fearful condition from all these complaints, and thought I never should get well. I took



MRS. B. B. GRAVES.

medicines and employed doctors, but got no better.

"Finally I began the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and immediately there was an improvement. I gained rapidly in health and strength, and every one of my troubles soon left me. I was entirely cured of them all by that wonderful medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. There is no other medicine in the world that will do what that will. I advise everybody to use it."

Use it—it will make you strong and well—give you back your snap, energy, and ambition to work.

It is not a patent medicine, but the prescription of the most successful living specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. He has the largest practice in the world, and this grand medical discovery is the result of his vast experience. The great reputation of Dr. Greene is a guarantee that his medicine will cure, and the fact that he can be consulted by any one, at any time, free of charge, personally or by letter, gives absolute assurance of the beneficial action of this wonderful medicine.

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Business Notices.

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THE CONFERENCES.

(Continued from Page 12.)

Warren Street M. E. Church are especially invited to this service.

Worcester, Laurel St.—Agreeably to a most excellent custom, inaugurated at this church several years ago, on Sept. 8, Pastor Mansfield preached a sermon to aged people. Great pains were taken to get the venerable citizens there, certain livery establishments even furnishing free transportation. Messrs. Kendrick, Harrington and Allen should be remembered in this connection. Mr. Mansfield talked to his hearers on the opportunities of life, and talked well, as he always does. On their departure, each aged auditor was presented with a bouquet of flowers as a souvenir of the occasion. What promised to be a very pleasant entertainment at the parsonage on the 9th was rudely interrupted by the downpour of rain. Arrangements had been made to have a lawn party and everything was in place but the weather, and that didn't agree with the hopes and wishes of the people. They will have to try again.

Tent Meetings.—These, under the direction of Rev. A. Sanderson, have been conducted most successfully all the week. Local preachers have talked to large audiences on every afternoon and evening and with very satisfactory results. I should state that Mr. Sanderson has had to abandon his bicycling, finding the same unhealthful for him, and he has a wheel for sale.

Grace.—Charles H. Carpenter, of J. H. Clarke & Co., has recently returned from a very pleasant carriage drive with his family through the northern part of the State. He reports improved health and spirits for the whole party. Within the past year he has taken up his abode in that new part of suburban Worcester known as Columbus Park, where they say the sun rises half an hour earlier than it does in the other and less favored portions of the city. The Epworth League of this church held its annual meeting on the 10th inst. and re-elected President Healey, with vice-presidents Richardson, Stedman and Mrs. Forbes, and Secretary Cora Robinson. The treasurer is Charles Squiers. The League is in a flourishing condition.

Preachers' Meeting.—The first of the year, after the vacation, was held at Webster Square on the 9th. There was a good attendance, and Dr. Mudge's book on Sanctification was discussed. A deal of interest was manifested in the matter. The ministers laboring among the German and French citizens were introduced.

Trinity.—The Epworth League of this church had a most enthusiastic gathering on the 9th, when they held a banquet and celebrated in real old-fashioned style. Rev. E. H. Hughes, the eloquent young minister of Newton Centre, was present, and he quite captivated all who heard him. Among other exercises a valuable address was given by Miss Edna E. Thayer on "Culture and Service." The whole affair was one of the most successful in the history of the local chapter.

QUIS.

Boston North District.

East Pepperell.—Rev. Geo. E. Sanderson writes: "Wm. Park and wife, evangelists, formerly connected with the Christian Crusaders, but now members of the Methodist Church, have returned to New England to work. Those who wish to engage their services or confer with them can address them at Torrington, Conn."

Worthing St., Lowell.—Miss Maria T. Clark, of precious memory, when she died in 1893 left in her will a sum of money, which in certain events was to go to Worthing St. Church. This money, amounting to \$670, has recently been paid to the church by Hon. Jeremiah Clark, brother of the deceased, has added to the sum

\$130, making the total \$1,000. The interest on this fund is to be used perpetually for current expenses. The pastor writes: "We know God's blessing will rest upon our dear brother."

Interesting services were held in this church, Sunday, Sept. 8. In the morning Rev. E. T. Curlick preached a sermon on six of the great benedictions of the church, and took a collection for the same. A large sum was realized. Four persons were baptized by immersion in the Worthing Street Baptist Church at 5 o'clock by Mr. Curlick. In the evening he preached a special sermon to the probationers, the text being Psalm 48: 12-14: "Walk about Zion, go round about her." He then administered baptism to three persons, after which 11 probationers were received into full membership. One woman joined the church on probation.

Mariboro.—Rev. E. B. Sweetser spent a delightful vacation in Canada during August. His pulpit was ably supplied by the following brethren: Rev. N. H. Martin, Rev. G. C. Osgood, and Dr. Dorchester. Dr. Dorchester gave an address to a crowded house Sabbath evening. The pastor is delivering the following course of Sunday morning sermons: "The Journey from Egypt to Canaan in the Nineteenth Century"—"In Egypt; or, The Modern Slavery of Souls and Society;" "Out of Egypt; or, The True Way to Right Character and Conduct in Our Times;" "In the Modern Wilderness with God;" "The Decisive Point; or, What Sort of a Christian?" "The Christian of the Nineteenth Century;" "Entrances to Canaan; or, The Manliness of Faith;" "Life in Canaan; or, Heaven upon Earth."

Boston East District.

Malden.—The Centre Church worshiped last Sabbath in its auditorium for the first time since August 1. During the summer the edifice has been thoroughly renovated. The collar has been replaced, and the vestry has been refloored, repainted, and supplied with new gas fixtures. The old kitchen has been added to the primary room, and a new kitchen built. The auditorium has a new carpet, new cushions, and a renewed organ, while all the woodwork glitters with its new finish. In its thoroughly renewed condition the church is better adapted than ever for the aggressive Christian work to which it is devoted and which is carried on so successfully under the wise leadership of its pastor, Rev. J. M. Leonard.

Springfield District.

Chicopee Falls.—This church had the largest delegation of any church on the district at the Laurel Park Camp-meeting. The society house was packed, and six cottages were occupied by those remaining during the week, besides those coming and going. The church derived great good from the meeting. Eight were received into the church, Sunday, Sept. 8—seven from probation and one by letter. Capt. John Phillips and wife, of Hudson, have been visiting their old pastor, Rev. N. B. Fisk. Capt. Phillips is a nephew of the late Wendell Phillips. A sad accident occurred Tuesday evening: Miss Lu Fay, for so many years the leading singer of this church, was taking a moonlight bicycle ride with three lady friends, and when opposite the City Almshouse, a runaway horse, frightened by a bicycle lamp, dashed by her, killing Miss Stoddard, who was riding just behind her.

HERE'S A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY!

I have worked hard all my life and never had a streak of good luck till the past year, and I think my experience may be beneficial to many others. I have cleared more than \$300 a day for over a year selling Climax Dish Washers, and I think any man or woman can do as well as I have, if they only WILL, as I had no experience. It don't take long to get rich clearing \$300 a day. Every family wants a Dish Washer, and you can sell them at home; no canvassing. That is why a lady can do as well as a man. I put a notice in the papers, and people send after the Washers. The Climax is far superior to any other Dish Washer. Everybody knows the Climax now. For particulars address the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio, and they will start you in business, if you will only push. A READER.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Reopening of St. Paul's Ch., Manchester, N. H., Sept. 1
Epworth League Conven., at Baker Memorial Church, Boston, evening, Sept. 15
Annual Convention, Providence District Epworth League, at St. Paul's Ch., Providence, Sept. 25
First General District League Sixth Annual Convention, at Johnson's Y., Oct. 3-4
Central Dis. Preachers' Meeting, at Saxtonville, Oct. 5
Annual Meeting of W. F. M. S., at Providence, Oct. 8-9
Prov. Dis. Min. Assn., at North Boston, Mass., Oct. 21
Portland Dis. Epworth League, at Gorham, Oct. 22

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

Rev. A. W. Postle, Westbrook, Me.

W. H. M. S.—The annual meeting of the New England Conference will be held at the address by Rev. L. G. held in Temple Street Church, Boston, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3 and 4. Meetings afternoon and evening of the first, and morning and afternoon of the second day. Full particulars later.

S. W. FLOYD, Conference Cor. Sec'y.

NORWICH DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION at Thompsonville, Conn., Oct. 14, 15.

PROGRAM.

Monday, 7:30 p. m., devotional service, led by Jacob Betts; business; exegesis: Heb. 4: 1-4, L. B. Coddling; Nature and Condition of the Christian Church from Pentecost to the Death of Paul, P. M. Vinton. 7:50, sermon, P. H. Spear.
Tuesday, devotional service, led by J. A. Wood; business; Theistic Value of Evidences of Design, J. I. Bartholomew; Methods of our Methodist Fathers in Church Work as Compared with Those of Today, G. H. Bates. 7:30 p. m., devotional service, led by H. H. Martin; business; The Nature and Force of our Baptismal Covenant, John Pearce; The Essential Conditions for the Work of the Holy Spirit in the Church, H. W. Goodier. 7:50, sermon, J. L. Pinner.

WALTER ELA, }
R. POVEY, } Com.
J. MOYAT, }

THE NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will hold its fall meeting at Plymouth, Mass., Monday afternoon and Tuesday, Oct. 1 and 2.

T. J. EVERETT.

PROVIDENCE DISTRICT EPWORTH LEAGUE.—The annual convention will be held at St. Paul's M. E. Church, Providence, R. I., Wednesday, Sept. 25. An interesting program has been provided. At the morning session the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be conducted by Presiding Elder Benton, to be followed by an executive session. In the afternoon there will be another executive session, and an address by Rev. L. G. Horton, on "The Pastor and the Junior League." In the evening there will be an address on "The Weight and Worth of Your Individuality," by Rev. O. W. Scott, President of the Conference League, and a lecture, "A Pilgrimage to Epworth," illustrated with 100 stereoscopic views, by Rev. J. I. Dooking, of Providence. Dinner and tea will be furnished to delegates by St. Paul's Epworth League Chapter. Those not delegates will be charged a small sum.

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Marriages.

EDGAR—SCOTT.—In Malden, Aug. 26, at the Maplewood parsonage, by Rev. L. W. Adams, Joseph Edgar and Emma Scott, both of Amesbury, Mass.
McLEOD—WISE.—In Malden, Sept. 4, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the same, assisted by Rev. Dr. J. M. Leonard, Fred. T. A. McLeod and Bessie Chase Wise, both of M.
MOPLAND—CHADWICK.—In Bucksport, Me., Sept. 8, by Rev. G. B. Chadwick, of Union, Nelson Brooks Mopland, of Canaan, Conn., and Olive Furbush Chadwick, of B.

WANTED.—A CHRISTIAN BARBER—to teach the barber business on Monday and Thursday evenings, at the Morgan Chapel School of Handicraft. Please call or write to Rev. B. J. HELMS, 87 Shawmut Avenue.

CHURCH MUSIC DIRECTOR.—The financial condition of Bromfield Street Church has made necessary the retirement of its chorister, Mr. A. W. Keene, after a service of nearly eleven years. Churches desiring to secure a competent musical director would do well to address A. W. Keene, 175 Tremont St., Boston.

ATLANTA EXPOSITION.—Our Methodist people visiting Atlanta during the Exposition will be kindly received at our Marietta St. Church. They will find it three blocks from the post-office on Marietta St. Rev. E. H. Robb is the pastor.

NOTICE.—The Preachers' Aid Committee of the New England Conference will meet on Monday, Sept. 23, in the Historical Rooms, Wesleyan Building, at 1 p. m.

REOPENING SERVICES.—The Bromfield St. M. E. Church, having been renovated by frescoing, painting and new carpeting, and extension of pulpit platform for chorus choir, will have reopening services next Sabbath, Sept. 23. Preaching, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., under the direction of the pastor, Dr. L. B. Bates. Some of the former pastors are expected to take part in the services. All are cordially invited.

A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.—Within two squares of Morgan Chapel are 17 saloons and many other unspeakable haunts of sin and vice. Every Saturday night pandemonium is turned loose. Several Epworth Leagues have promised to hold convocations the early part of every Saturday evening, but the devil is most rampant later. We want volunteers who will help us carry on Gospel Rescue work here till after the saloons close. Will persons who will promise to give themselves to this service from 9 to 11 o'clock, Saturday nights, please communicate with Rev. B. J. HELMS, pastor of Morgan Chapel?

BUCKSPORT DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION (Eastern Division), at Alexander, Oct. 21-22.

Half-hour social service, led on Monday, at 7 p. m., by A. B. Carter; Tuesday, at 8 a. m., by J. D. McGraw; 1:30 p. m., W. F. Greenlaw; 7 p. m., T. J. Moore; Wednesday, 8 a. m., G. B. Moody.

PREACHING SERVICES.—Monday, 1:30 p. m., T. J. Wright; 8 a. m., P. A. Smith. Tuesday, 10 p. m., A. S. Ladd, alt.; R. Sutcliffe; 1:30 p. m., G. A. Gahan, alt.; W. F. Greenlaw. TORONTO FOR DISCUSSION.—1. Has the Church of Today a Proper Conception of Her Mission? H. W. Horton, W. James. 2. The Bible Doctrine of Justification, E. S. Gahan, G. B. Moody. 3. The Bible Doctrine of Regeneration, T. J. Wright, J. D. Moore. 4. The Bible Doctrine of Adoption, A. S. Ladd, S. O. Young. 5. The Relation of the Pulpit to the Social Problem, C. H. McKibben, R. Sutcliffe. 6. The Intermediate State, A. B. Carter, W. F. Greenlaw. 7. How Can the Church Become More Effective? B. W. Russell, J. D. McGraw.

Let us have a grand rally at this Association, and make it tell for God and His cause. Brethren, be present if possible.

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Our Book Table.

Harper's Book of Facts: A Classified History of the World, Embracing Science, Literature and Art. Compiled by Joseph H. Willsey and Edited by Charlton T. Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$2.00, cloth; \$1.50, half leather.

Of the superior qualities of this "Book of Facts," one can hardly speak in too high terms. It is really a classified and condensed history of the world. As a summary of human knowledge, arranged for ready reference, it surpasses everything of the kind which has been in the market. Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" and "The Oxford Tables," both admirable condensations, which have long occupied an important place in the library of the student and author, are neither as full nor as well arranged as this new competitor. As the compilers of these earlier works catered to an English public, their books were inevitably defective in American treatment. The number of American subjects was restricted and the treatment inadequate. Mr. Willsey, on the other hand, occupies an American standpoint, and has given every important topic, on this side the water, neat and adequate expression. As the work of the compiler passed under the careful and critical eye of Charlton T. Lewis, we may feel reasonably assured that the task has been thoroughly and well performed.

Though the "Book of Facts" has absorbed a large part of the material in Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," it is something more than a revised edition of the latter. The vast mass of new material, the new point of view, and the adaptation to the American reader's needs, make it an essentially new work. The compiler's large indebtedness to his predecessor is amply and honorably acknowledged in his preface; but the appropriations, however much they enrich the new book, are quite incomplete without the American additions and the better organization of the material. The book is a marvel of condensation. We know of no volume in which such masses of knowledge are reduced, as it were under the power press, to small compass without obscuring the sense. The compiler has resorted to many devices for securing condensation; bird's-eye views of large subjects are numerous scattered over his pages. Careful first of all not to obscure the subject, his secondary aim has been the utmost compression. We are at a loss to see how this admirable volume could be improved. Vast fields of knowledge are fenced in, while nearly every fact contained therein is tabulated and briefly yet clearly explained. The abundant cross references enable the reader to find almost any item in a moment.

The type of scheme employed to express the main subjects is always admirable. Each State, large city, and considerable institution of the country is taken up, and all the main and many minute facts are detailed in chronological order. Many facts one would hardly expect to find in a work so condensed, are nevertheless there and given with the utmost accuracy. The most comprehensive title is, of course, that of the United States. The article covers 70 pages. In it you have everything set forth in order—the colonial progress, the Revolution, the union under the new Constitution, the Civil War, the reconstruction, the successive administrations, and, in a word, every fact one wishes to find. Massachusetts covers ten pages and contains the most minute facts in the history of the State. Boston is reduced to two pages, but they are packed pages in which one can learn most important matters about our city. Under "University" you have the names of the leading ones in the world, with the dates of their founding. In the list of Presidents we have their names and those of their wives, the places of nativity, dates of birth, death and term of service. In less than half a page he gives an admirably clear account of the Bonaparte family. The facts of the Eastern Empire are compressed into a single page; the ruling families of Europe are given in three and a half pages; the Roman Empire occupies three and a half pages; and England five pages. The railways of the world fill three pages; philosophy four, with the names of the leading philosophers and the basic principles in their systems; literature, twenty-four for all lands; and for each science and art there is a neat statement of the main facts. In a page and a half the principal schools and masters in painting are given, while the sculptors are allowed five.

In a word, here is such a full, compact, organized mass of knowledge that every intelligent reader will wish to have the volume at hand for daily consultation. It is a cyclopedia reduced to one volume. The work is sold only by subscription. The office for the New England States is at 50 Bromfield St., Boston.

Under the Old Elms. By Mary B. Clafin. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company. Price, \$1.

The "Old Elms" were planted, two hundred years ago, on the part of Governor Bradstreet's Newton farm afterwards owned by Judge Fuller and General Hull. For many years Governor Clafin owned the estate and occupied the mansion as a summer home. This book contains delightful reminiscences of distinguished people who visited the family at this beautiful country place. It is difficult to know distinguished people; we read about them, but see them through a magnifying glass. Mrs. Clafin gives us a side view, enabling us to behold them without court dress and as they were in propria persona. Her descriptions are all simple, clear, and in the best of taste, revealing what the public may desire to know and yet not what it

is forbidden to know. Among the distinguished visitors at the Clafin residence were the Governor's political friends, such as Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, Governor Rice, Charles Francis Adams, Chief Justice Chase, and others. Good ministers were not seldom found there—Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Kirk, Newman Hall, and James Freeman Clarke, who once lived in the house. The literary coterie was quite large and distinguished, including nearly all the men and women of letters in New England. The anecdotes of Sumner and Wilson are fresh. The versatility of the former is shown by several tests, while Wilson's power was found in his good sense, knowledge of men, and skill in organization and leadership. In every part the book is chatty, breezy, readable. The reader sits by and sees these notable people pass, and hears their words of greeting and cheer.

Four Years of Novel Reading: An Account of an Experiment in Popularizing a Study of Fiction. Edited with an Introduction, by Richard G. Moulton, M. A., Ph. D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Company. Price, 50 cents.

Like many other people, Prof. Moulton believes in fiction as broader, more elevated and truer than fact. Facts are for narrow, prosy, ineffectual people, while those who have a distant and upward outlook court the good offices of the imagination, which finds a glorious world outside the material domain in which we are doomed for a while to make our abode. The Professor has been experimenting a little in order to ascertain the best method of studying the fiction which has so vastly accumulated in our literature. His experiments have run through four years, as set forth in this little volume. English literature is loaded with fiction; whoever would know the thought and feeling of the English race must study the fiction in which they are clothed. The question has come to be how to study to best advantage the art of our great writers. This question of mode Prof. Moulton answers in part, at least, in this book. Taste in fiction, as in painting and music, needs cultivation. The literature of fact is easy; that of the imagination requires for its appreciation the cultivation of literary taste in the reader, just as an artistic taste is required to see a picture or to hear music. That is, a person must know how to read; his taste must be trained to discern between the false and the true. The present book is an essay in this direction. It gives the results of four years of novel reading in a club in a mining region of Northumberland, England. The history of the club, the method of work, and samples of treatment are given. The little volume will be helpful to those who wish to learn to appreciate the good points and qualities of works of fiction.

THE NEW ERA OF SONG. Composed and edited by I. V. Flagler. With a Prelude by John H. Vincent. (Meadville: Flood & Vincent. Price, 35 cents.) By the issue of this neat and attractive book the editor and publishers "aim to aid in inaugurating an era of song, under the benign reign of which, voice, organ, leader and people, thought and feeling, force and expression, shall harmoniously unite in the rendition of words rightly wedded to music, that the instructional and inspirational effects of this beautiful service—the service of sacred song—may be more fully realized in social and public worship." The book is well adapted to accomplish this end. Care and ability are evident in every part. TEN NIGHTS IN A BAN-ROOM, AND WHAT I SAW THERE. By T. S. Arthur. (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.) This is a new, electrotyping edition of one of Arthur's most famous stories. In the power of graphic description he was hardly excelled in his day; and one of his books in which this quality was most apparent was the "Ten Nights." It is a literary temperance tract of permanent value. DEBATE ON BAPTISM AND THE BOOK OF MORMON, between Rev. W. H. Cooper, Methodist, and Elder A. Laverion, Latter Day Saint. (W. H. Cooper: Tilbury Centre, Ontario. Price, 50 cents.) The title describes this tract. The disputants went over the whole field with spirit and intelligence. At the close, an audience of 600, with only twelve dissenting voices, decided that Mr. Cooper had borne off the palm.

Magazines.

Like some that have gone before, the September Century is a Bonaparte number. The frontispiece is a striking portrait of Talleyrand from a painting by Ary Scheffer in the collection of the Duc d'Aumale, and engraved by R. G. Tietze. The leading article is a continuation of Prof. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." But the Bonaparte material fills only a part of the space; a good list of articles is given in addition. Mary Hallock Foote has a brief story in "The Cup of Trembling." Alice C. Fletcher gives an illustrated article on "Hunting Customs of the Omahas." Madeleine McDowell sketches "Recollections of Henry Clay." Timothy Cole retouches the "Flemish Old Masters."

Gen. H. V. Boynton describes "The National Military Park," with illustrations and maps of the battlefields of Chautauque and Chickamauga and the Park in the latter. Anne L. Blek-nell furnishes touches of the "Life in the Tulleries under the Second Empire." J. H. Connolly describes "Aquatic Gardening." (Century Company: New York.)

Popular Science Monthly for September is an extremely interesting number. Its articles are all readable as well as valuable. Dr. Andrew D. White traces the progress of "Higher Criticism" from Colenso down through Wellhausen, Robertson Smith, "Lux Mundi," and the controversy on Daniel, to the present time. Herbert Spencer continues "Professional Institutions." J. G. Morse reviews the "Apparatus for Extinguishing Fires." Alexander McAdie studies "Natural Rain-Makers." Dr. Bully continues his "Studies in Childhood." F. M. Chapman makes a "Study of Birds Out-of-Doors." The number contains an admirable sketch of the elder Prof. Hitchcock, with a portrait as a frontispiece. (D. Appleton & Company: New York.)

The Homiletic Review for September has its usual breadth and fullness of material. The sermonic, exegetical, social and miscellaneous sections are packed. Prof. Murray tries to find what the preacher can learn from Holmes, and Prof. Shaler looks at the conflict of science and religion on the natural history side. There are sermons by Dr. Parker, B. Fay Mills, Wayland Hoyt, and others. To the preacher the various sermon notes, texts, suggestions and incidents are more interesting than almost any other part of the magazine. (Funk & Wagnalls Company: New York.)

McClure's Magazine for September has for a frontispiece Will H. Low's "Love Disarmed." The leading article is Cleveland Moffett's estimate of Mr. Low's work. The article is profusely illustrated by his pictures. Anthony Hope contributes a Zenda story, "The Courtesy of Christian, the Highwayman." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has "Afterwards," the study of a story by Ian MacLaren; and Ian MacLaren himself has a new "Bonnie Brier Bush" story in "Past Redemption." "Climbing the Matterhorn" is a delightful travel and nature sketch by Garrett P. Serviss. James R. Gilmore has "Garfield's Ride at Chickamauga." (S. S. McClure: 30 Lafayette Place, New York.)

The North American Review contains a fine list of articles at once readable and solid. Bishop Doane of Albany leads in an able paper adverse to female suffrage. He gives the strong reasons why women do not want the ballot. The truth is, many do want it, in spite of the Bishop's disclaimer in their behalf. Sir W. H. Fowler has an enjoyable bundle of "Reminiscences of the Late Professor Huxley." Dr. F. E. Clark contributes an outline view of "The Christian Endeavor Movement," of which he is the founder and head. Prof. R. H. Thurston sees "The Trend of National Progress" in the phenomenal crop conditions and prospects of the year. Comptroller Eccles sees the same hopeful indications in the movements of the money of the world. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., has a delightful paper on "A Brush with the Bannocks." The Earl of Crew gives a gloomy "Outlook for Ireland," and the late Mayor of Havana gives the hard side of the rebel situation in Cuba. (3 East 14th Street, New York.)

The Chautauquan for September is well stored with valuable material in its various departments—"General Reading," "Woman's Council Table," "Editor's Outlook," and "Current History and Opinion." Dr. Withrow has a second article on "The Dominion of Canada." Clark Howell furnishes a brilliant sketch of "Henry W. Grady." Nettie L. Beal tells of "Notable Inns around London." S. Parkes Cadman concludes his series of articles on "Lands of the English Tongue" by a glance at the English scattered through the East. (Theodore L. Flood: Meadville, Pa.)

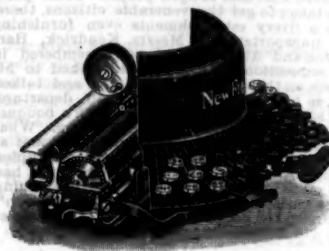
The September number of Scribner's has a list of articles attractive in variety and presentation. The frontispiece is Clément Bellen-gier's "La Godilleuse," from a charcoal study by Ulysse Butin. President Andrews continues his last quarter-century study of American history, dealing with the third-term agitation under Grant. Edward S. Martin contributes "Country Clubs and Hunt Clubs in America." Abbe Carter Goodloe furnishes "A Photograph," or stories of girls' college life. Alexander Biskop gives "Photography in Fiction," with illustrations; and there are continuations by Judge Robert Grant in "The Art of Living," and Anthony Hope's story, "The Wheel of Love." (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.)

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Obituaries.

Eastman.—Mrs. Cyrus L. Eastman, in whose memory these lines are written, was for many years a well-known and honored lady, particularly in the circles of New England Methodism. She was born in Hartford, Conn., Dec. 14, 1829, and was the daughter of the late Michael and Catherine Marsh. Her death occurred June 12, 1895.

Early converted, having moved to Springfield, Mass., she joined the Pynchon St. M. E. Church, which she was identified many years. April 11, 1849, she was united in marriage with Mr. Geo. W. Rice, of Springfield. Two children of this marriage—Geo. W. Rice and Mrs. Ralph W. Ellis, of Springfield—survive her. Mr. Rice's death, in early manhood, left her the care of these children, and, faithfully abiding by her trust, she lived long enough to see them risen into manhood and womanhood.

Sept. 14, 1870, Mrs. Rice became the wife of Rev. Cyrus L. Eastman, long a highly respected member of the New England Conference, and for these last twenty-five years she had found abundant opportunities to impress her richly-dowered life upon very many people. With more freedom from domestic duties than most ministers' wives enjoy, she had both more time and strength for many forms of Christian work which grew dearer to her to the end of life. Possessed of a good and cultivated mind, sympathetic of heart, winning and pleasing in address, of uncommon spirituality, she was enabled to be of great usefulness. Among her sisters she was a wise and trusted leader and a beloved comrade. In their societies she was given prominence; it is doubtful if she ever sought leadership during her active public career.

Identifying herself with various branches of reform, some of them decidedly unpopular, she became so thoroughly informed of the weaknesses of frail humanity as to make her very effective in such religious and moral addresses as many who read these lines have often heard her make. Though repeatedly engaged in public speaking, yet those who knew her best doubt not that only a modest desire to help some one to a better life constrained her to yield the sweet seclusion of a happy home to the wearisome demands of broader duty to which she gave herself for many years. Mrs. Eastman was a Bible student, a firm believer in prayer, and took counsel with the Almighty concerning the work of her hands. Her consecration to all for which Christianity stands was intelligent, practical and effective. Her voice, her affections, her time, her money, were the Lord's. She spoke for Him, she lived for Him, she labored for Him, and out of her modest store, generously gave for Him. For many years she was the very useful president of the Woman's Moral Reform Society of Boston, and a faithful friend of and zealous laborer in both the Woman's Home and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies of our church. Her home was the delightful resting-place of Bishop Taylor whenever the Bishop was in Boston, and she was a great friend of his work in Africa.

Of her usefulness in the pastorate, as she labored by the side of her husband—at Woburn; Monument Square, Boston; Winter Hill and Broadway, Somerville; the Boston Port Society, Marlborough Church, Boston; Howard Ave., Boston; and Broadway, Chelsea—there is abundant happy testimony from the living; and has she not also long since received glad acknowledgment to the same by many who welcomed her at her advent to her heavenly home? To her husband she was indeed a blessing, while her two children fondly speak of her as a "dear good mother."

About a year ago her vital force began rapidly to ebb away under the workings of some mysterious disease. Hope buoyed up her friends even against her own oft-repeated expression that the end was at hand. In early spring of this present year she was removed to her pleasant cottage at Ashbury Grove, there to pass a few weeks of intense suffering but patient waiting, until the welcome release came to her, and with whispered praises and supreme triumph she went away to take her crown. G. L. COLLETT.

Hamilton.—New Year's morning, 1895, Mrs. Mary Hamilton passed into the unseen from Chebeague, Me., aged 86 years and 8 months. Mrs. Hamilton was converted when about twenty years of age, in her island home, in a meeting conducted by the members of the church without any minister present. Soon after, she united with the M. E. Church, and has been a prominent member ever since—especially prominent in those early days when the membership was small.

She possessed an emotional temperament, which often made her presence an overflowing joy in the social meetings. She was subject at times to depression of spirit, but in the midst of it she maintained Christian fortitude and principle. Her life, as was that of her devoted husband, the late David Hamilton, was especially consistent and faithful in the home. God gave them seven children, six of whom arrived at maturity. All these were converted and became members of the church. What an inspiring example this to many Christian parents who mourn over children unconvinced! Surely, the promise is to us and to our offspring, "the parents and the children." "The memory of the just is blessed." A. C. TRAPTON.

Hamilton.—Eliza Hamilton was born in Chebeague, Me., April, 1811, and died in the same town, May 7, 1895, aged 84 years.

Mrs. Hamilton was converted at the same time and in the same meeting with Mary Hamilton. Her life was one of great discipline. Left a young widow with five children, it required her utmost exertion to provide for and train her family; but she found God equal to the emergency; patience and wisdom were given her from on high; the widow's God was her Provider. Her life was one of Christian consistency.

Her last years were years of invalidism and much suffering; and while she would have been glad to depart and be with Christ, her patience and faith did not fail. When the summons came it was a joyous and glorious release. A. C. TRAPTON.

Babcock.—From the home of his respected sister, Mrs. Rev. James Mather, at Hyde Park, Mass., James Babcock, "the beloved," passed on to his reward, July 7, 1895. He was born at Chester, Mass., Jan. 27, 1815.

He was of a talented family, several members of which have been greatly useful in the church. The brilliant and devoted Rev. John C. Babcock, who fell at the battle of Front Royal, was a nephew.

For fifty-eight years Mr. Babcock was a faithful servant of the church, having been appointed class-leader before his term of probation had expired, and continuing in that office in different churches almost uninterruptedly until his

death. He also filled acceptably other positions, among them that of leader of the choir. This veteran class-leader was of a rare, sweet spirit, speedily becoming the dear disciple in all the churches, and especially in his services in this sub-pastoral office of the church. In mental endowments he possessed superior powers, and in exhortation was gifted with a tender persuasiveness of almost irresistible appeal. When thus moved there were tears in his voice, and his unstudied deliverances often reached the plane of true eloquence. The writer always found him an unfailing and stimulating assistant in evangelistic effort, and it is said that when he was more than eighty years of age his prayers and testimonies were still a delight.

Before removing from old Plymouth he suffered an attack of grip, from which he never fully recovered, although his life was still filled with loving ministrations to his sisters and the church. At last he sank away suddenly, and after a brief week's waiting God took him.

In the beautiful Greenville Cemetery at Norwich, Conn., where in 1893 he laid away his wife, all that is mortal of James Babcock awaits the resurrection morning. Till then, brother beloved, farewell! G. H. BATES.

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Review of the Week.

Tuesday, September 10.

- The scheme to disqualify Negroes from holding office ripening in South Carolina.
- The town of Griddley, Kan., swept away by a cloud-burst.
- Fresh outrages in Armenia; five villages pillaged.
- The treasury gold reserve falls to \$97,710,000.
- Senator Gray favors a third term for President Cleveland.
- Ex-Secretary Foster says that "the literati" are the instigators in the recent massacres; that the great body of Chinamen are not opposed to missionaries.

Wednesday, September 11.

- Death of Rev. Dr. G. W. Briggs, father of Dean Briggs of Harvard College.
- A report that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the well-known authoress, and her husband, Dr. S. M. Burnett, have separated.
- The Baltimore & Ohio road buys the Valley railroad property for \$3,070,000.
- The Roman Catholic University in Washington secures Col. Carroll D. Wright as professor of Economics, and throws open its doors to women.
- Senator Sherman names Gov. McKinley for President.
- The naval veterans of the G. A. R. parade at Louisville, where the Encampment is being held.

Thursday, September 12.

- The great Christian Endeavor chorus permanently organized; 825 members enrolled.
- A train on the New York Central runs 436½ miles in 407 minutes, beating all records.
- Fall River manufacturers vote not to grant the advance in wages demanded by their operatives.
- Grand Army parade in Louisville includes 30,000 veterans.
- Lightning, hail and rain cause damage in eastern Massachusetts.

Friday, September 13.

- Three hundred lives lost and much property destroyed by earthquakes in Honduras.
- Concord, Mass., celebrates the 300th anniversary of its incorporation as a town.
- Gen. Ivan N. Walker elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army; the next national encampment to be held in St. Paul.
- More troops from Spain reach Cuba.
- Death, at Brooklyn, of Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, rector of Holy Trinity P. E. Church.
- The syndicate will guard the gold reserve in the Treasury until October.

Saturday, September 14.

- Ex-Queen Liliuokalani set at liberty on parole and 47 Hawaiian political prisoners pardoned.
- The G. A. R. break camp at Louisville; Mrs. L. A. A. Turner, of Boston, elected president of the Woman's Relief Corps.
- Gold reserve drops to \$96,300,000.
- Capt. Sumner, U. S. N., suspended for six

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months for careless docking of the U. S. S. Columbia" at Southampton.

—Death of Gen. Isaac B. Burrell, Street Commissioner of this city.

Monday, September 16.

- Count Walderssee shows remarkable skill as a tactician in the army manoeuvres; Emperor William promotes him to be a field marshal.
- Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Butler, of Chicago, accepts the presidency of Colby University.
- Another "dry" Sunday in New York.
- The Mora claim paid by Spain, amounting to \$1,449,000.
- Death, in Washington, of Dr. C. V. Riley, the eminent entomologist.
- Spain to release her convicts and send them to Cuba to fight the insurgents.

A Timely Reminder.

Each season forces upon our consideration its own peculiar perils to health. The advent of fall finds many reduced in strength and vigor, poorly prepared to continue the business of life. The stomach and bowels, the great highway of animal economy, are especially liable to disorder in the fall. The nervous system has also suffered in the struggle. Typhoid fever and malaria in particular find in the fall that combination of earth, air and water that mark this season as especially dangerous. The falling leaves, the decaying vegetables, contribute their share of contamination. Hood's Sarsaparilla furnishes a most valuable safeguard at these important points, and should be used in the fall before serious sickness has laid you low.

Feed Them Properly

and carefully; reduce the painfully large percentage of infant mortality. Take no chances and make no experiments in this very important matter. The Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has saved thousands of little lives.

A Fellowship of Tears.

IT has been noticeable ever since the close of the Civil War that the veterans on both sides have experienced no difficulty in condoning the past and in coming together in the most sincere and complete reconciliation. It is the "stay at home" in those long years of bloody conflict who remains obdurate and unforgiving, and who delights in reviving the issues which resulted in war. Put the Confederate and the Union veteran together, and immediately they unite in expressions of genuine fraternity and patriotic devotion to the whole country. The annual encampment of the Grand Army, held this year at Louisville, Ky., was a most happy confirmation of this fact. The Confederate has given the Union soldier a hearty and affectionate welcome. This was shown in a very affecting way in the address of Mr. Watterson, of Louisville, himself a Confederate veteran. The distinguished editor is a man of great eloquence of speech, but the rush of fraternal feeling was so great, as he looked the thousands of the Grand Army in the face, that he broke into tears and was unable to completely finish his address. Cold is the heart that can read the report of the event, as it appears in the New York Sun, without a fervid thrill of patriotic emotion. Mr. Watterson's closing words leading up to the climax were:—

"It is with a kind of exultation that I fling open the gates of this gateway to the South. I bid you welcome in the name of the people whose voice is the voice of God. You came, and we resisted you; you came, and we greet you; for times change, and men change with them. You will find here scarcely a sign of the battle; not a reminiscence of its passions. Grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front, and wherever you turn on either side, across the Chaplin Hills where Jackson fell, to Stone's River where Ross fought, and on to Chattanooga and Chickamauga, and over Missionary Ridge and down by Resaca and Kennesaw and Allatoona, where Corse held the fort; as a second time you march to the sea, pausing awhile about Atlanta to look with wonder on a scene risen as by the hand of enchantment, thence returning by way of Franklin and Nashville, you shall encounter as you pass those smoldering heaps, which remind you of your valor and travel, only the magnanimous spirit of dead heroes, with Grant and Sherman and Thomas and McPherson and Logan looking down from the happy stars as if repeating the words of the master, 'Charity for all, malice toward none.'"

"We, too, have our graves; we, too, had our heroes. All, all are comrades now upon the other side, where you and I must shortly join them. Blessed, thrice blessed, we who have lived to see fulfilled the Psalmist's prophecy of peace!"

Mr. Watterson then recited the following poem:—

"Peace in the quiet dale,
Made rankly fertile by the blood of men;
Peace in the woodland and the lonely glen,
Peace in the peopled vale."

"Peace in the crowded town;
Peace in a thousand fields of waving grain;
Peace in the highway and the flowery lane,
Peace o'er the wind-swept down."

"Peace on the whirling marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace, God of peace, peace, peace in all our homes,
And all our hearts!"

It was when reciting the last stanza that he broke down. Men rose in their seats and yelled,

wept, and cheered, hugged each other, and threw hats, fans, and handkerchiefs into the air. Mrs. John A. Logan was seated a short distance back of the commander-in-chief's stand, and as Mr. Watterson walked away from the front of the stand, with tears running down his cheeks, Gen. Lawler took his hand and presented him to Mrs. Logan. Neither could speak; but after a moment Mrs. Logan, holding Mr. Watterson's hand in both of hers, got control of herself and said: "I am glad I have been permitted to live to hear your speech." Then Mrs. Logan sat down and wept. Mr. Watterson and Past Commander-in-chief Warner then greeted each other and sat down together in front of Adjt.-Gen. Jones' desk. This caused another burst of applause almost as great as the first, and it was nearly five minutes before quiet was restored.

An Important Convention.

AT no time in the history of Sunday-school work in Massachusetts has there been such a fullness of promise as now. The hour of greater things seems about to strike. The years of 1890 and 1896 are likely to mark an era in Sunday-school progress in this State. The State is now, in nearly every part, thoroughly organized for the study of better methods, for the discovery of present needs, and for mutual inspiration and help for the best work. Over fifty districts are now well organized and of-floored for an advance movement. Ours is acknowledged to be the finest organization of any State in the Union.

This encouraging condition of affairs is due, mainly, to the efforts of the Massachusetts Sunday-school Association. It is the function of this Association to supplement the work of the various denominations and to supply what neither of them alone is able to provide. It publishes no literature of its own, but it carries over the State and exhibits at its conventions the literature, supplies and helps of all of the evangelical denominations. It seeks to bring within the reach of every Sunday-school officer and teacher four things: First, the best Sunday-school workers of our times; second, the best supplies and appliances now in use; third, the best methods of school organization, government and teaching; fourth, the inspiration of a broad and advance movement in Sunday-school work. Its function is not to supplant, but to supplement the various Sunday-school organizations and enterprises of the several denominations. In doing this it receives not only the ardent endorsement, but the earnest support, of the leading Sunday-school officials of the different denominations, as, for example, Dr. J. L. Hurlbut of our own. The Association organizes no schools, enters no new territory. It seeks solely to add to the zeal and efficiency of the schools already existing.

One phase of the unique work of the Association is seen in the benefit it brings to the schools in the rural sections of our State, of which there are many. Much as Sunday-schools in these remote and isolated sections need rejuvenating, no denomination has been able to carry the counsel and encouragement to its own churches singly and alone. It needed an organization that could serve the interests of all; that could gather up Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians and others into one group, and bring the best workers, supplies and methods to their very doors. This the State Association does. It is rapidly bringing the country to as high a grade of Sunday-school work as can be found in the city. But this is only one phase of its manifold work.

The "Important Convention" cited in the above caption, is the annual State convention of this organization. It will be held in Fall River, October 1, 2 and 3. The program is probably the most elaborate and comprehensive of any similar convention ever held in the State. Its three days of full and varied discussions of the liveliest questions of Sunday-school interests will be almost the equivalent of a liberal education in Sunday methods and work. It will doubtless bring together the most representative body of Sunday-school leaders and workers that Massachusetts has yet produced. To all of our Methodist people who can attend this convention it will be a source of instruction and inspiration that will be invaluable to the work of the year. Railroad rates will be reduced from all parts of the State, and the people of Fall River have generously offered, through the Association, free entertainment to a liberal (but limited) number of delegates representing any school. The public announcements of this convention are sufficient notifications to schools to be represented; but by correspondence with the Association, at 110 Boylston Street, Boston, programs, information about entertainment, and other matters concerning the convention, can be secured. This convention will fittingly inaugurate a fall and winter of Sunday-school work of high excellence throughout our State, and be a precursor of the great International Sunday-school Convention to be held in Boston next June, and for which preparations are already being made. C. A. L.

DR. RUST IN ERROR.

MR. EDITOR: I have read with much interest your published interview with Dr. Rust, but am somewhat surprised at his statement concerning the possessions of his great grandfather, Henry Rust, in the town of Boston. Dr. Rust is quoted as saying of this ancestor that he "purchased and settled on eighty acres of ground, where are now located the Parker House, the Old South Church, part of Tremont and part of Washington Streets—originally eighty acres of the best part of Boston."

The town of Boston, as every one knows, was settled in 1630. Almost immediately upon the removal of their habitations from Charlestown to this peninsula, the streets of the village were laid out, and house lots were staked off and were allotted to each inhabitant according to his needs. The "Book of Possessions," the original record of this allotment, is still in existence, and a printed copy is in my own library. This record does not contain the name of Henry Rust, nor of any person of that surname. The lot on which stands the Old South Church was originally the lawn of Governor Winthrop's mansion, which stood at the foot of School St., on Washington St. The portion of the estate where now stands the church was given to his son Stephen. Later it came into the possession of Rev. John Norton, minister of the First Church. His widow gave the lot to the Third Church, and upon it was built, in 1670, its first house of worship. The lots upon School St., from Washington St. to Tremont St., including the Parker House site, were allotted to these persons: Altherton Hough, Arthur Perry (town drummer), John Lugg, Richard Cooke, John Synderland, and Zaccheus Bosworth. On Tremont St., from the corner of School, south to Winter St., lived Richard Fairbanks, William Aspinwall, who had extensive gardens, Richard Cooke (afterward Anthony Stoddard, a wealthy linen draper), Daniel Mand, the first school-master, and Richard Sherman. Sherman's lands extended half way to Washington St., and those of Jane, widow of Richard Parker, occupied the rest of the space to the corner of Winter and Washington Sts. On that street, between Winter and School Sts., were these proprietors: William Townsend, Edmund Jacklin, Edmund Dennis, Ephraim Pope, Thomas Grubb, Thomas Millard (where, in 1676, was built the Province House), and Francis Lytle.

These are all of the early possessors of this tract of land in the heart of Boston, indicated in Dr. Rust's claim. It will be noted that the name of Rust does not appear in this list; neither does it appear in the records of the town of Boston until "the last of first mo 1651," when it is recorded that "Henry Rust is Admitted an Inhabitant."

It was not, then, till twenty-one years after the settlement of Boston and the allotment of its lands, that Henry Rust cast in his lot with the people of the town. It is scarcely probable that at that late day he succeeded in purchasing of the twenty or more real estate owners their rights in a tract of land in the heart of the town as large in extent as Boston Common. Moreover, it is not until 1676 that the name of Henry Rust appears in the tax-list—six years after the first edifice of the Old South Church was built. In this tax-list Mr. Rust's property is valued at £10, or \$50, and his tax is ten-pence, or about 20 cents—surely, a moderate tax for eighty acres of land in the heart of Boston!

I do not, of course, desire to imply that Dr. Rust would be guilty of wilful deception or misstatement, but quote these ancient records merely to show how family traditions, which have never been verified by their latest recipient, are capable of indefinite expansion in two hundred years of travel.

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